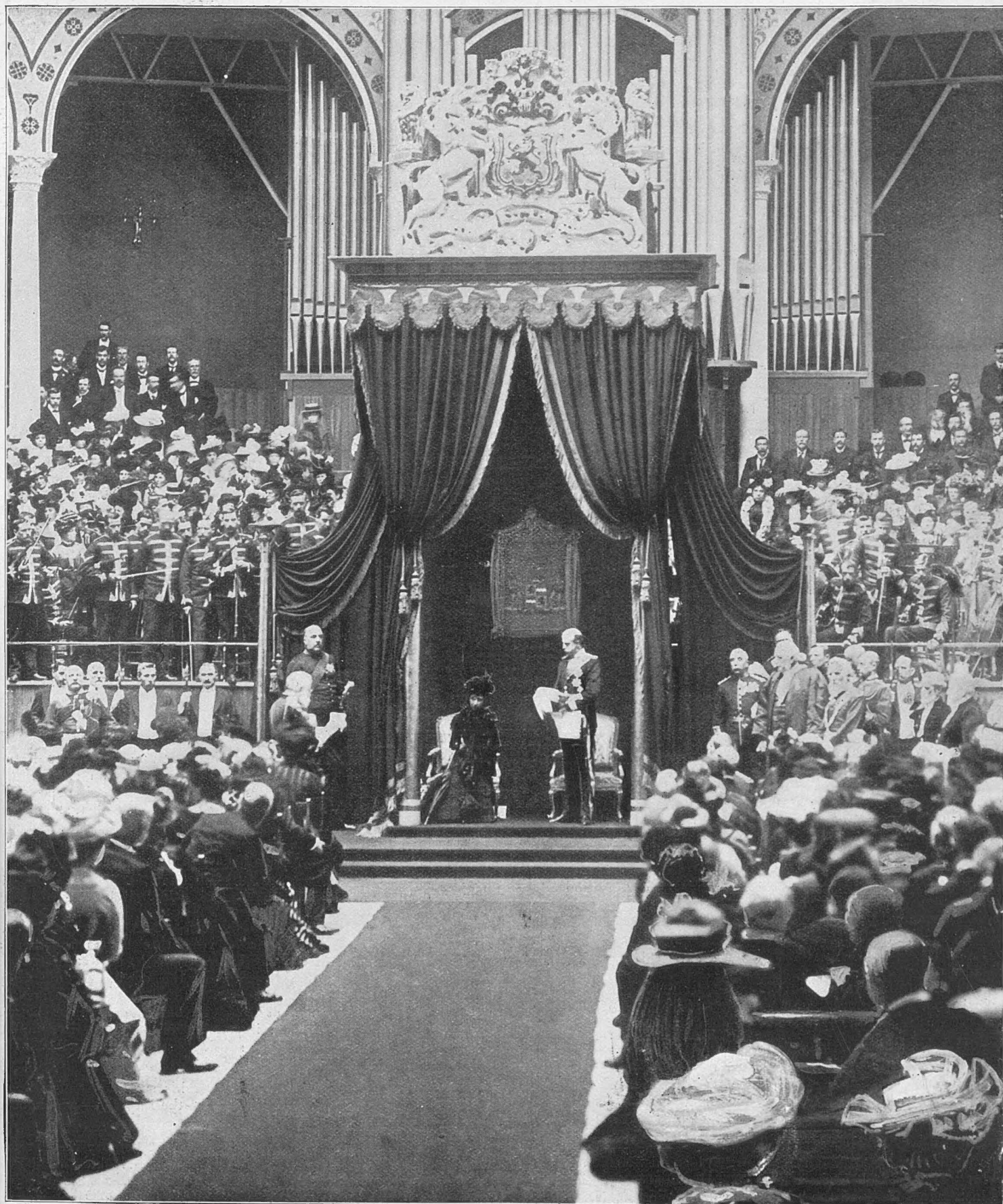




No. 432.—VOL. XXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 8, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE WITH THE DUKE OF FIFE OPENING THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. ANNAN, GLASGOW.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY: A RAPID REVIEW.

THE King may well have expressed gracious approval of the effective way in which

## M. CONSTANT'S POETICAL PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA

is exhibited, befittingly draped, at the western end of the large room at Burlington House. The colossal painting which forms the illustrious French Artist's tribute of hearty admiration to the memory of the noblest of Sovereigns is worthy the inspiring subject he has treated so magnificently. It was evidently a labour of love, this work of genius. Her Majesty is represented by M. Constant on the Throne in the House of Lords. From the window streams down a golden ray, illuminating with radiant light and etherealising the familiar features of the beloved Queen a whole Empire mourns. Typical of immortality, this beautiful sunlight imparts sublimity to this grand picture—and the lovely effect is faithfully mirrored in the exquisite Fine Art Photogravures from the painting *The Illustrated London News* will issue shortly to subscribers.

## MR. ONSLOW FORD'S GRAND STATUE OF HER LATE MAJESTY,

which faces the visitor on entering, occupies the place of honour in the Central Sculpture Hall. The Queen is represented seated, and in her regal robes, holding the Orb of Sovereignty, in this heroic bronze statue, which is to be erected by-and-by in Manchester. Mr. E. Onslow Ford, R.A., renders accurately the force of character which was a distinguishing feature of Her Majesty's face.

## THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL

is most impressively delineated in Gallery No. IV. "The Passing of a Great Queen" (272) is the title given to Wyllie's fine marine painting of the *Alberta* bearing the remains of Her late Majesty past the warships in the Solent; and the military grandeur of the memorable funeral-procession through London, with the Duke of Norfolk preceding the gun-carriage bearing its precious burden, and King Edward, the German Emperor, and the Duke of Connaught following the Union-Jack-covered coffin, will be found brilliantly depicted by Mr. John Charlton in No. 253, the glowing painting simply entitled "2nd February, 1901." Saddest date in our history, "The 22nd of January, 1901," is commemorated by Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A., in the faithfully painted picture of a cottage interior (No. 320, in Gallery No. V.), with the head of the household reading the mournful tidings of the great Queen's death to his household.

## THE JOY OF LIFE,

as well as the national calamity, finds expression, happily, in hundreds of bright and alluring scenes and portraits in the 133rd Exhibition of the Royal Academy. This inspiring key is struck in the very first Gallery. That strong painter of rural life, Mr. H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A., contributes many admirable works this year, but none better than "On Lavington Down" (22)—a sunlit farm-boy, a modern Corydon playing on a penny tin whistle in lieu of a pipe what is doubtless a love-lay to his absent Phyllis. Two fair specimens of Solomon's and Shannon's skill in portraiture will be found close by in Nos. 17 and 21. No. 40,

## "BLOSSOMS FAIR,"

is a gem of an Orchardson, the famous Academician depicting with an exquisitely delicate touch the beauty and grace of the lady lifting flowers. In "Sons of the Sea" (45), Mr. John R. Reid refreshes us with a welcome smack of the seaside. You can almost warm your hands in the ruddy glow of Frank Dicksee's "Ysult" (52). Among the most characteristic of Seymour Lucas's tableaux are his Fall of Wolsey and his "King's Rival" (65).

## "THE LOVE LETTER,"

by Mr. George A. Storey, A.R.A. (No. 72 in the Second Gallery), notable for the simple eagerness in the girl's face and the dainty colouring, is among the paintings of which *The Sketch* has this week the privilege and pleasure of printing photogravures. There is nothing breezier or truer in the whole Academy than the bold and effective sea-pieces of Mr. C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., both in oils and water-colours. Particularly admirable is "The Home Wind" (85), with the brown sail of the fisherman's boat filling, and the craft ploughing through the blue waves. Commendable for grace of composition and lustrous painting, the portraits of "Mrs. Cazalet and Children" (103), by Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., will be also much admired. In her handsome gold-brocaded dress, the fair Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos (122), by Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., likewise commands attention. This portrait is also reproduced in this week's *Sketch*.

Right and left of M. Constant's grand portrait of the late Queen in the principal room are Mr. William Carter's vivid likeness of the late Duke of Westminster and the Hon. John Collier's full-length painting of

## H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK

in Admiral's uniform (copied in *The Sketch*). The mountain torrent and sunlit hill of "Collecting the Flock" (164), by Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., beckon you away from the madding crowd's ignoble strife to the vitalising Highlands.

## THE PRESIDENT, SIR EDWARD POYNTER,

furnishes a good specimen of his polished art and exquisite colouring in his graceful "Helena and Hermia" (169). Undeniably striking are Sargent's lustrous portraits of the "Daughter of A. Wertheimer, Esq." (178), though the lips are, perhaps, too startlingly red; and Herkomer's ruddy-faced Duke of Somerset (174), in black velvet fancy-dress. Luke Fildes's radiant Italian girl in a blue-and-white

dress, "Gegetta" (198), is captivating. Of the four cattle-pieces of the nonagenarian, T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., one is pictured in *The Sketch*—"Evening Shadows" (204), the title of which is not without its pathos. No stronger contrast is afforded than that supplied by

## SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.,

in his two pictures—his glowing portrait of Professor George Aitchison, R.A. (211), looking in his blue shirt more like a jolly Admiral than the Past President of the R.I.B.A.; and the marble splendour of his "Under the Roof of Blue Ionian Weather" (220).

## ONE OF THE PRETTIEST PICTURES

is Miss Margaret J. Dicksee's pleasingly composed group illustrating an incident in the boyhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence, third President of the Royal Academy—"The First Commission" (314). In addition to the engrossing Royal paintings in the same Gallery—No. IV.—there are notable works by Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., La Thangue, A.R.A., Stuart Lloyd, Seymour Lucas, and Peter Graham, R.A.

## MR. WILLIAM L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.,

has in Gallery V. a couple of powerful paintings—a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the Port of London (361) and a sea-piece (371) illustrating the lines—

Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the spray,  
So we threshed the *Bolivar* out across the bay.

Mr. J. MacWhirter, R.A., distinguishes himself in the same room by a brace of effective paintings of Edinburgh New and Old (333 and 341).

## "IN SIGHT: LORD DUNDONALD'S DASH ON LADYSMITH"

(417), by Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, is one of the most interesting and romantic War Pictures in the Academy, which also boasts commanding military works by Caton Woodville and W. B. Wollen. The landscapes of Leader and David Murray, the masterly fisher-folks and fishing-boat picture by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A. (reproduced on another page), Orchardson's infinitely touching "Memories" (520), H. Seppings Wright's bold "King's Ships" (524), W. Dendy Sadler's excellent character-studies, and many other praiseworthy works, will yield pleasure to visitors to the Royal Academy.

J. L.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*The "Ophir" at Melbourne—The Founders of the City—The Imperial—The Earl's Court Military Exhibition.*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK have left the lands of the old civilisation and are in the midst of the new. Melbourne, where the *Ophir* now lies, in the waters of Hobson's Bay, is a magnificent city, with public buildings which are handsomer than can be found in any other Colonial town of its size, and with a half-million of inhabitants. But in 1835, when John Batman landed there, the Yarra-Yarra River ran in the midst of bush between two grassy hills—hills on which now stand East and West Melbourne. What the six thousand acres on which the "city" now stands are worth it would be difficult to guess, for the sum would be enormous; but on May 6, sixty-six years ago, Batman obtained six hundred thousand acres, on part of which Melbourne was afterwards built, from the Chiefs Jagajaga, Cooloolick, and others, for some small gifts and a promised annual tribute of knives, scissors, axes, and old clothes. The first census of Melbourne, or rather, Port Philip, was taken in 1836, when the total was found to be one hundred and sixty-eight males and thirty-eight females. The streets of Melbourne were pegged out the year after.

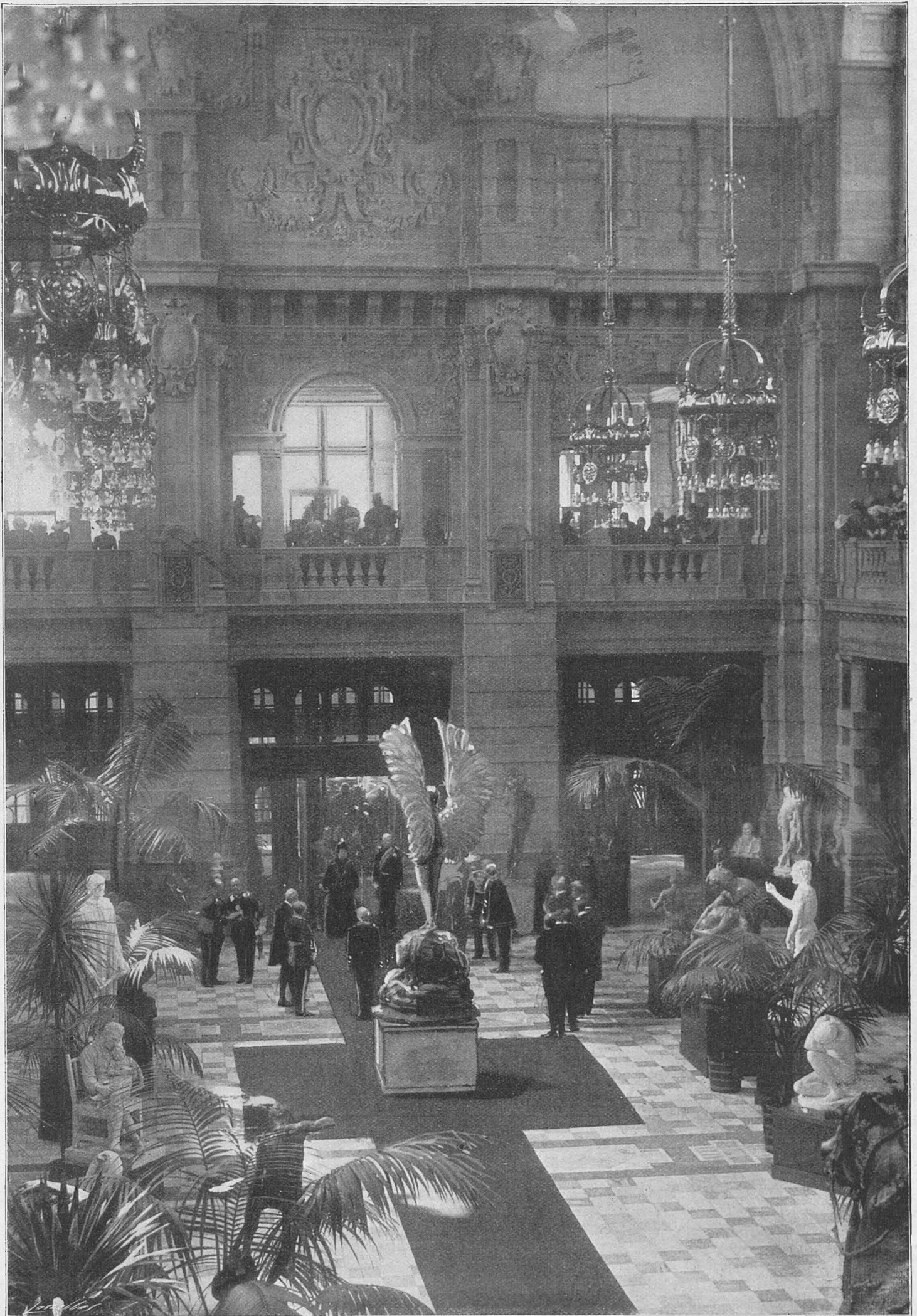
John Pascoe Fawkner, who is sometimes set up as a rival to Batman for the honour of having founded Melbourne, was an extraordinary character. He was at various times a baker, farmer, hotel-keeper, book-seller, lawyer, ship-owner, and was at all times a journalist, starting the first Melbourne paper before there was a printing-press in the settlement, and issuing his first nine numbers in manuscript. He was a martyr to sea-sickness, which interfered with his aspirations as an explorer, and so affected was he by the tossing of his own ship when he set out from Launceston to settle on the Yarra-Yarra flats that he caused himself to be put ashore before the voyage was completed. Fawkner built the first house on the site of the present Melbourne in 1835. It is curious to note in this, the year that brings together all the Australian Colonies into one Commonwealth, that the founders of the present State of Victoria were the champions of separation. Melbourne in its early days was entitled to send five members to the Legislative Council at Sydney, but the distance between the towns made this right an impossible one to exercise, and, to emphasise this fact, the electors of Melbourne nominated as their representatives five of the most celebrated English statesmen of the day.

Odennino is to be congratulated upon his sumptuous new Regent Street restaurant close to the Café Royal—the Imperial—which boasts the best of chefs and is luxuriously comfortable.

Clubland is bound to rally round the excellent Military Exhibition at Earl's Court, which H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, looking wonderfully hale and hearty, opened with a most admirable speech last Saturday. When you have done admiring the wonderfully realistic "Siege of Pekin," and had a lounge in the Old Welcome Club of happy meetings, don't omit to inspect the Fine Art and Relic Galleries, for they are mightily interesting.



OPENING OF THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



PRESENTATION OF CONVENERS TO H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE DUKE OF FIFE IN THE HALL OF THE FINE ART PALACE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. ANNAN, GLASGOW.



## SUCCESS TO GLASGOW'S GRAND EXHIBITION!

THE black, streaming crowds in St. Vincent Street, Buchanan Street, and Sauchiehall Street, the crowded cars and trains, showed that the pulse of Glasgow beat with something like excitement on the eve of the opening of the resplendent Exhibition.

Fifty years ago, the late Queen and Prince Albert opened the first Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. On May 2, their granddaughter,

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF FIFE,

by command of the King, opened Glasgow's splendid Exhibition under most favourable auspices as to weather and other conditions. The ceremony was courteously photographed for *The Sketch* by Messrs. Annan, the noted Glasgow firm. The Duchess of Fife and the Duke of Fife, who were the guests of Lord Blythwood at Renfrew, were met by genial and public-spirited Lord Provost Chisholm at St. Enoch's Station, and drove to the Grand Entrance of the Exhibition, where they were received at noon by

LORD BLYTHWOOD, THE PRESIDENT.

Lord Provost Chisholm, the Chairman; by Mr. John Shearer and Mr. J. H. Dickson, the Vice-Chairmen; Sir James Marwick, the Hon. Secretary; and Mr. H. A. Hedley, the able General Manager of the Exhibition. Mr. John Shearer, Convener of the Building Committee, presented Her Royal Highness with a gold key, with which she unlocked the main-door of the Grand Entrance, where under the great dome were gathered a body of Exhibition office-bearers, and prominent citizens in Court-dress, by the King's command. Her Royal Highness shook hands with each. The party then formed in a procession to

THE GRAND CONCERT-HALL,

where, after prayer by Dr. Donald Macleod, Lord Blythwood read the address, which closed by expressing the hope that the Exhibition would stimulate an industrial rivalry in the arts of peace. The Duke of Fife, in responding to the address on behalf of the Duchess, explained that His Majesty the King regretted that, owing to his deep mourning, he was unable to be present; but, in his absence, it was a sincere pleasure for the Duchess of Fife and himself to open the Exhibition, and he wished complete success to the Glasgow International Exhibition of 1901. Lord Provost Chisholm next presented Her Royal Highness and the Duke with a gold casket, as a souvenir of their visit. After the choir had rendered two verses of the Hundredth Psalm,

THE DUKE OF FIFE

stepped forward and said, "In the name of the King, I have the honour to declare the Glasgow International Exhibition open, and to express His Majesty's best wishes for its success." The next ceremony was the opening of the entrance-door of the Art Galleries with a gold key by the Duchess. The foundation-stone of the magnificent galleries was laid by the Duke and Duchess of York in September 1897. After this, the Royal party drove to the City Chambers, where the presentation of the Freedom of the City to Her Royal Highness and His Grace took place.

HINTS FOR INTENDING VISITORS.

Let the intending visitor beware of boring himself or attempting too much. When tired of looking at the exhibits in the Great Industrial Hall, with the colossal statue of the King, remember that there is ample variety and recreation out-of-doors. Sports and games have been arranged in great variety. There are also the Grand Concert Hall, Theatre, the band-stands, and about a dozen excellent restaurants and kiosks for refreshments. The Women's Section should not be forgotten, nor the photographs of modern authors with autograph-letters in a prominent section of the Industrial Hall. After gazing at the exhibits from Bombay, Ceylon, Russia, Denmark, Persia, and the British exhibits on the west side, following the Grand Avenue, which is lined with models of ships, we come towards the Great Machinery Hall, where a gallery runs round the central bay for those who wish to view the machinery in motion without descending to the lower level. One should not miss the extensive steel exhibits, nor the huge and shining locomotives exhibited by Dubs and Co., Sharp, Stewart, and Co., Neilson, Reid, and Co., and H. Barclay, Sons, and Co., and the innumerable machines of an industrial age.

There is much to be done outside, in the Park. Away in the east end, Russia has four pavilions, in one of which an elaborate reception-room is being prepared against the expected visit of the Czar in August. It is hoped the King will honour the Exhibition by a visit at the same time. Canada's exhibits are most excellently arranged in a pavilion close by; there, mowers, stoves, specimens of wood, cereals, apples, are seen in abundance. A tram, on which runs a miniature American locomotive of twenty horse-power, passes round "Canada and Russia" with its little cars. The Irish Pavilion shows Irish industries, while Japan is housed in what was once the Kelvingrove Museum. On the other side of the Kelvin, France has a pavilion, and Messrs. Annan, the photographers, show their excellent photogravures in another building.

THE FINE ART GALLERIES.

No visitor should miss the permanent Art Galleries, so conspicuous a part of the Exhibition, built of Lochaberbriggs red stone outside and of white Giffnock inside. A large central hall, or vestibule, gives access to two Sculpture Courts, and around these are grouped the Museum galleries on the ground-floor, and the picture galleries on the first-floor. The architects are Mr. J. W. Simpson and Mr. Milner Allan. These Fine Art Galleries contain the finest specimens of nineteenth-century art ever gathered under one roof.

## THE MILITARY EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.

ON Saturday last all London was invited to inspect, criticise, and enjoy Imre Kiralfy's greatest triumph in the matter of Earl's Court Exhibitions, graciously opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, supported by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and many other distinguished personages. It is a patriotic public to which Mr. Kiralfy is appealing with his Military Exhibition, but it is also a public which has of late increased its knowledge of things military a hundredfold. The organiser of this year's show at Earl's Court should be highly flattered, therefore, at the enormous gratification of the thousands who have so far visited the courts and halls of pleasure and patriotism. *The Sketch* has already told its readers of the many points of interest in this year's Exhibition, and has given illustrations of the

SIEGE AND RELIEF OF THE BRITISH LEGATION AT PEKIN.

It only remains to be said that the highest anticipations of both the Management and the public with regard to this elaborate, realistic, and thrilling spectacle have been more than realised.

Altogether, the Military Exhibition is certain to afford the keenest pleasure to very many Londoners throughout the summer.

## THE MAN IN THE STREET.

May Day—The Penny Fleet—Thames Pleasure Traffic—The First Century of the Century—"M.C.C." and "L.B.W."—Stopping the "Curly Ones."

MAY DAY has of late years acquired a new name for festivities. Some of the ancient and picturesque customs of our ancestors in that "Merrie England" which always seems to have existed somewhere in the recesses of the past have been revived, and we have also invented new ceremonies of our own. The first May Day of the new century was celebrated on the Thames by a review of the Penny Fleet, which, gorgeous with new paint and resplendent with flags, paraded between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridge. There were over thirty Penny Steamboats in the Fleet, and they made a brave show, and reminded one of old pictures of Lord Mayor's Day early in the last century.

But it is one thing to go down to the Embankment to look at the vessels parading in their Sunday best, and another to try to get from one point of London to another in them. There have been steamboats on the Thames for about eighty years, but the companies that have run them have always had to go into liquidation after about ten years' struggle. I sincerely hope that the present managers will have more success, but it is no good ignoring the fact that only very few of the important centres of London lie anywhere near the Thames. The two great arteries that run from East to West through London are Oxford Street to the North, and the Strand and Piccadilly to the South. And these are so well served with trains and omnibuses that "The Man in the Street" is not tempted to go out of his way to take a slower means of travel like a river steamboat. On a fine holiday afternoon nothing is better than a blow on the river, and I think that the company had better take up pleasure traffic on the Thames and not enter into competition with the buses.

I am always glad when the cricket season begins, for it then looks like summer in good earnest. But football encroaches on cricket more and more every year, and continues later into the spring and begins earlier in the autumn. We already have a record to chronicle, for Braund made the first century of the new century. I wonder if anyone took note of the man who made the first century in the last century. In those old days they did not knock up centuries so easily. "W. G." rather set the fashion, and he got his first century in 1866—though, by the way, it was a double century, as he scored 224 not out. His brother, E. M. Grace, had made his first century in 1865.

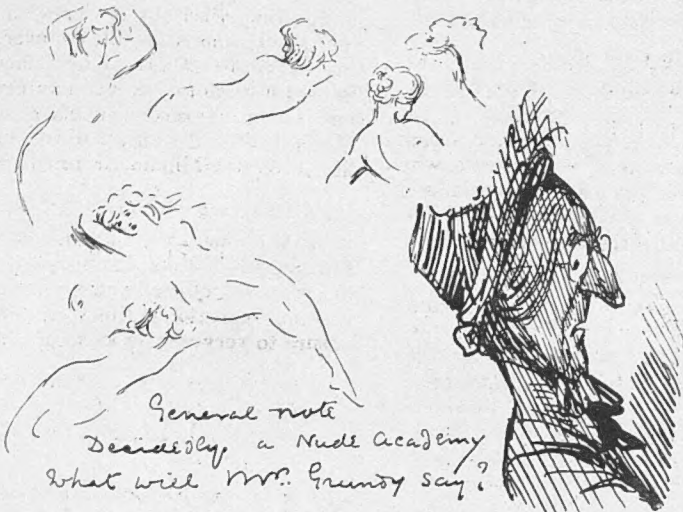
The "l.b.w." question is the most important subject of discussion in the cricket world just now, and last week the Committee of the "M.C.C." went into the matter. It was proposed to give a man out leg-before if he intercepted a ball which would hit his wicket with any part of his person, except his hand, which is between wicket and wicket. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P., who played for Cambridge from 1876 to 1879, and was Captain in the latter year, proposed the new law, and he was seconded by Mr. J. Shuter; but, though there was a majority for the change, it was not the two-thirds majority which the rules of the Club demand.

Still, the voting showed what was the real sense of the Committee, and the change is bound to be made before long. The amendment was, of course, aimed at the trick of playing a difficult ball with the legs instead of with the bat. At present, a batsman can, and often does, stop a breaking ball with his legs, as the umpire cannot give a man out "l.b.w." unless the ball was pitched in a straight line from wicket to wicket. This unfairly handicaps the bowler, whose best "curly ones" are thus put out of count. The amendment failed last week, but it, or something like it, is bound to be passed before very long.

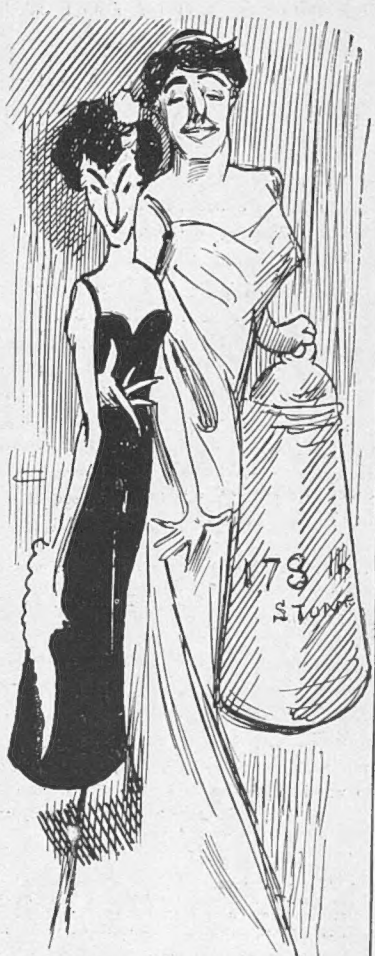




236. Seeing Snakes!



General note  
Decidedly, a Nudist Academy  
What will Mr. Grundy say?



178 The Strong Woman



80. Penguin, caught by the Edm



103 The lady Ventriologist



163. Pantomime Horse 'Alley Thought'



498 Swan from The Shannon



791. In the Venusberg Circus

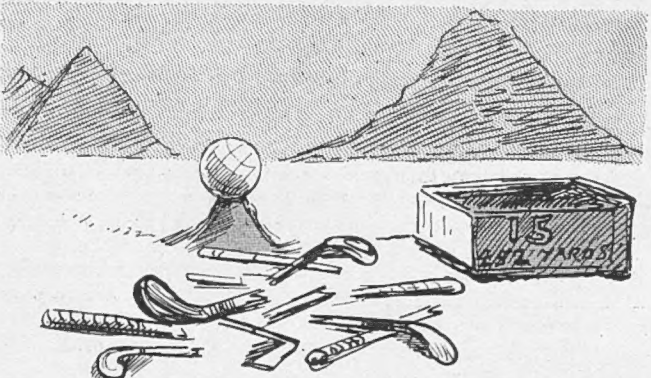


66 Here a nice go!

I've used my last canvas!



271 Is he frightened of the  
Beetles then?



477 Golf of The past.



901 "No chair without a Thorn"



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Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

**W. G. GRACE IN HIS FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.**

Just by way of opening his shoulders, Dr. W. G. Grace the other day played an innings of three figures—an addition to an extraordinarily long list—against a team in which one of his sons figured. This was, at least, a sign of vigour not seriously impaired, a happy condition of things helped, I believe, by the effect of exercise enjoyed with the Worcester Park and Surbiton packs of foot-beagles. At the end of last week, proof was unmistakably afforded that vigour was accompanied by form. Surrey's bowlers found the task of disposing of the "G.O.M." of cricket as difficult as ever. His first innings for London County amounted to 71. This, Grace followed up by taking five Surrey wickets at a cost of 39 runs, in an innings which produced 306 runs. Then, on going in a second time, he scored 80 runs without giving a chance. As in the first innings, "W.G." and C. J. B. Wood remained together until after the "hundred" had gone up.

**NEW NOVEL BY MR. HAGGARD.**

MR. HERMANN MERIVALE in the WORLD—

"Martha the Mare will appeal to the boys and the adventure-lovers mightily. They will rush on Rider Haggard's book and so they ought, if only to read of her and of Red Martin, a kind of giant Sandow, eight feet high, who destroys the whole Spanish forces at intervals during the book."

**LYSBETH**

A Tale of the Dutch in the Days of Alva.

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## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*The King and the Jewish Community.*

By a curious coincidence, King Edward received an Address from the Jewish community on the same day as that presented by the Roman Catholics of the kingdom. His Majesty has always entertained very cordial relations with the sons and daughters of Israel, and, as was shown during the South African War, there is no more patriotic section of the community, while the fact that so many members of the generous house of Rothschild have made England their home has undoubtedly contributed to the material wealth and financial stability of the country.

*Jewish Hostesses.*

Many of the most popular and accomplished London hostesses are Jewish ladies. Lady Battersea, for example, is, from a social point of view, one of the pillars of the Liberal Party, her beautiful house, situated just opposite the Marble Arch, being constantly thrown open to prominent members of the Opposition. Lady Pirbright often entertains cosmopolitan gatherings both at her town-house and at Henley Park, where she and Lord Pirbright some time ago received a short visit from King Edward. Lord and Lady Rothschild's house in Piccadilly is a meeting-place both for the great world and for those busied with high finance; while among the ball-givers of Society, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, the charming Italian wife of Lord Rothschild's popular younger brother—at whose wedding, by the way, the King, as Prince of Wales, was present, this being the first time he had assisted in a ceremony at a Jewish synagogue—has earned the heart-felt thanks of innumerable chaperons and débutantes. The purchase by Sir Edward Sassoon of the splendid palace built in Park Lane by the late Barney Barnato looks as if he and Lady Sassoon intended in the near future to entertain on a great scale.

Lord and Lady Hopetoun, who have just had the signal honour of welcoming the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Australian soil, are immensely popular in Greater Britain. Notwithstanding his youthful appearance—indeed, he celebrated his fortieth birthday only last September—the head of the Hope family has had quite a long public career, and at the early age of twenty-seven he occupied the somewhat serious position of Lord High Commissioner of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, doing so well that he was asked to repeat the experiment the two following years. Not a little of his popularity, both at home in Bonnie Scotland and in Australia, is due to the grace and charm of his wife, the youngest of Lord and Lady Ventry's charming group of daughters.

*Lord Hopetoun and Greater Britain.*

Lord Hopetoun first became Governor of Victoria just twelve years ago. He and Lady Hopetoun soon won their way into the affections of the warm-hearted Colonials, and the greatest enthusiasm was aroused when it became known that they intended to name their second son, born at

Government House, Melbourne, after the great city which gave him birth. Accordingly, it was felt to be more than fitting that Lord Hopetoun should be chosen to be the first Governor of the Australian Commonwealth, and on his return to Greater Britain he received a splendid ovation. Delightful as the position, particularly when held under such circumstances, must be, both the Governor and Lady Hopetoun showed much public spirit in thus going into exile a second time. Hopetoun House, their Scottish home, is one of the most delightful of North British mansions, and there they both have many interests and amusements which have naturally to be abandoned during the period spent by them in the Victorian capital. During their first stay in Australia, the Governor and his wife were fond of taking long incognito rides into the interior; but, so far, they have done

nothing of the kind, Lord Hopetoun's whole time having been occupied in preparing for the Royal visit.

Melbourne is now a City of Palaces, and Collins Street, the great business thoroughfare of the town, compares very favourably with the great London highways of commerce. Of course, the really interesting point about the Australian Capital is its extreme youth. Victoria celebrates its Golden Jubilee of existence only this year, and in 1851 the Capital was little more than an overgrown village.

During the whole of their Colonial tour, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York will not have so busy a week as that through which they are now passing. To-morrow (May 9) was fixed for what bids fair to be the greatest event in the life of the Australian Commonwealth, for that day was to witness the opening by our future King of the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, and almost every hour of the eight days, save those devoted to sustaining nature by eating and sleeping, has been mapped out for the Royal visitors.

Melbourne is fully living up to its cheerful traditions. Every lodging in the town, every room in the principal hotels, was engaged weeks ago, and in the suburbs every spare inch of ground

and garden is covered with large white tents, for your backwoodsman has no dislike to sleeping in the open—indeed, old Colonists declare the great Victorian city reminds them of the days when the enterprising man—aye, and woman—newly from home was very glad to obtain any covering as comfortable as that provided by a good stout tent.

*The "City of Statues"*

Ballarat will welcome the Duke and Duchess next Monday (13th), and, as the "City of Statues" intends to erect a splendid monument to the memory of those of the Colony's sons who have fallen on the South African veldt, the Duke will lay the foundation-stone of what promises to be one of the finest war-memorials in the world. Repeating an experience already undergone by him during his first tour round the world, the Duke will go down one of the Ballarat gold-mines and have a thorough look-round.

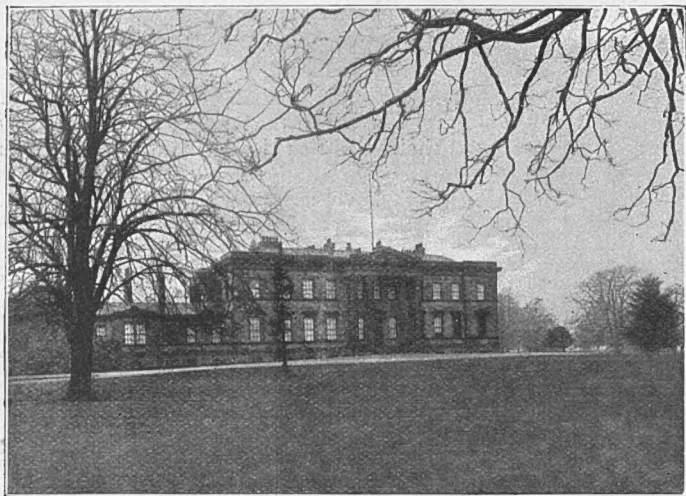


THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN, TO WHOM FALLS THE HONOUR OF ENTERTAINING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



*The King's Name.* Many theories have been put forward with regard to the King's choice of name; that is, the dropping of the appellation "Albert." It is, however, no secret that the King never liked the name of "Albert," and it was only in deference to his mother's wish that he signed himself "Albert Edward." More than



BLYTHSWOOD, RENFREWSHIRE,  
WHERE LORD AND LADY BLYTHSWOOD ENTERTAINED THE DUKE AND DUCHESS  
OF FIFE ON THEIR VISIT TO THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

Photo by W. Rose Duthie, Glasgow.

once he asked to be allowed to sign himself "Edward," but the Queen was obdurate. The King knew that the name of "Albert" would not be congenial to the British nation, and directly Queen Victoria had passed away he communicated his wish to be known as Edward VII. to Lord Salisbury.

*The Royal Yacht.* Every endeavour has been made to convert the new *Victoria and Albert* into a serviceable vessel, and it is possible that she will be placed in commission. At the same time, it is on record that certain high personages have given their fixed determination that they will never be passengers on the reconstructed Royal Yacht. She may be made seaworthy, but every seaman knows that she ought to be broken up or turned into a house-boat. The German Emperor, a practical yachtsman, recommended that the *Victoria and Albert* should be made "a pleasure-boat." This was a delicate way of suggesting that she was a dire failure.

*A Scotch Peer and Peeress.* Lord and Lady Blythswood, although they own a delightful town-house, are comparatively little seen in London Society, for they are devoted to their beautiful Scottish home in Renfrewshire. Both the late host and hostess of the Duchess of Fife are intimate friends of various members of the Royal Family, and Queen Victoria once paid a memorable visit to Blythswood House. Lord Blythswood, though the first Peer of his line, comes of one of the oldest and most notable of Scottish families, being, indeed, the chieftain of one of the many clans Campbell. He is a man of many parts, for he was scarcely out of his teens when he greatly distinguished himself in the Crimea, being badly wounded and on his return home taking rank with the brilliant band of youthful heroes who had smelt powder to such good purpose in the Near East. At the age of nine-and-twenty he married Miss Augusta Carrington, one of the sisters of the present Lord Carrington, a clever and accomplished lady who soon became much beloved in Renfrewshire, and also in Glasgow, with which city Lord Blythswood has had a long and intimate connection.

*Political Honours.* As Mr. Campbell Campbell, Lord Blythswood proved during many years a valuable member of the Conservative Party; and, as Sir Archibald Campbell Campbell, he sat for the Western Division of Renfrewshire during the seven years which succeeded the political disruption of 1885. Lord Blythswood has now belonged to the Upper House for nine years, his peerage having been granted with remainder to his brother, the Rev. Sholto Campbell-Douglas, whose wife was one of the daughters of Lord Alfred Paget. Blythswood is admirably adapted for the entertainment of a Royal house-party; it is a large, substantial house, charmingly situated in the picturesque Scottish county from which the King, as Prince of Wales, took his favourite minor title, that under which he travelled through America in early youth, and the mansion is arranged with all the comfort and luxury which seems to be seen to greatest advantage in a Scottish country-house.

*The Coal Fight.* The controversy on the export coal-duty has been very lively in the House of Commons. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has a stiff back, makes a stout fight with the colliery owners. With quite a dramatic attitude, he stretched out his long arm on Thursday and pointed at Sir James Joicey as a type of the men who could well afford to pay the new duty. He calculated that the profits of the colliery owners were thirty-four millions greater last year than in 1897. The owners in the House laughed at this calculation. Sir James Joicey,

who is one of the wealthiest, admitted that large profits were gained in 1900, but stated that some years many collieries were conducted at a loss, and that the average profit did not exceed 6 per cent. The House does not spare much sympathy for men in Sir James's position, but Radicals, unmoved by the woes of the owners or the economic arguments of Sir William Harcourt, find justification for their opposition to the tax in the revolt of the workers.

#### *A Successful Speech.*

Mr. Thomas Burt's speech on the coal-duty was the most interesting in the discussion. It drew a larger House than listened to "the big guns." Mr. Burt is one of the most popular men at St. Stephen's, he is so modest and kindly. Although he has a strong Northumbrian burr, the House delights in his eloquence, which it hears only once, perhaps, in a Session, and on this occasion he delighted everyone by his badinage. Mr. Balfour listened with a shining face, and when Mr. Burt sat down he was almost smothered by the congratulations of friends on front bench and back bench. How to be popular though a strong partisan is shown by the Parliamentary history of the Member for Morpeth, who rose from a coal-pit to a place in Government. He is as passionately opposed to the coal-tax as are the mine-owners.

#### *A Children's Paradise.*

The Children's Exhibition in the Gardens of the Tuileries is a dream for the little ones, and it has distinctly novel features. Photographs of celebrities at varying ages are used to, but here you have, in many instances, the favourite objects, from the toys to the statesman's desk, of some of France's most favoured sons. It should be marked down for a pleasant afternoon with a visit to the Salon.

#### *A Notable Wedding at All Saints' Church.*

A smart Society crowd assembled at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens, on the afternoon of April 30, for the wedding of the Lady Sybil Cuffe (a portrait of whom is given on this page) and Mr. William Bayard Cutting. Ever since the engagement was announced, Society has taken the keenest interest in this match, as it is the first time on record that an Englishwoman of title has married an American. The bridegroom is Secretary to the American Ambassador (Mr. Choate), and son of Mr. Bayard Cutting, of New York and Westbrook, Long Island, while the bride is the young and charming daughter of the Earl and Countess of Desart.

The Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart, Vicar of the church, performed the ceremony, and the bride, who was given away by her father, looked sweet in her wedding-dress of white satin, with a long Court-train of old Brussels lace, and a veil of tulle over a coronet of real orange-flowers in her fair hair. She was followed by two tiny pages, Masters Arthur Pilkington and Ulick Browne, who wore "Watteau" suits of pale-blue satin, with brocaded waistcoats and lace ruffles. The Countess of Desart



LADY SYBIL CUFFE (DAUGHTER OF EARL AND COUNTESS OF DESART),  
MARRIED ON APRIL 30 TO MR. W. BAYARD CUTTING, U.S.A., SECRETARY TO THE AMERICAN  
AMBASSADOR (MR. CHOATE).

Photo by F and R. Speaight, Regent Street, W.

afterwards welcomed the army of wedding-guests at her town residence, 2, Rutland Gardens, among the distinguished company present being the American Ambassador, Mrs. and Miss Choate, the Danish Minister, the Dowager-Countess of Desart, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Cutting, the Dowager-Marchioness of Downshire, Adeliza, Countess of Clancarty, Earl and Countess Granville, Lord and Lady Llangattock, Lady Penrhyn and two of her daughters, Countess Beauchamp, and many others.

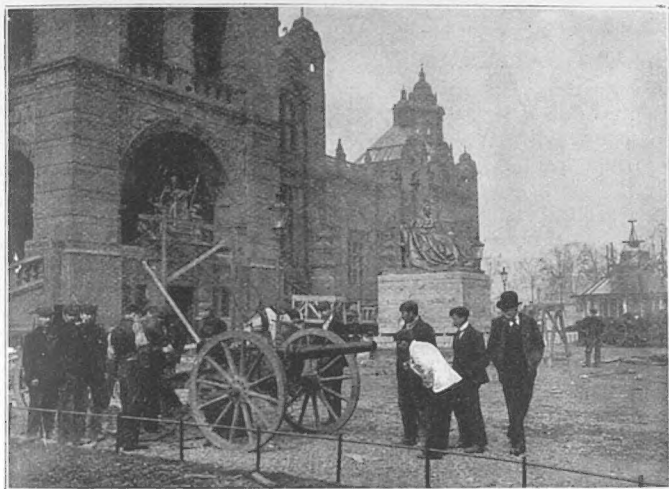


### The King and the Edinburgh Monument.

The report that the King has expressed himself in favour of the completion of the National Monument on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh, will immensely strengthen the proposal, made after Queen Victoria's death, that this should be done as a memorial of the late beloved Sovereign. It may safely be conjectured that, had not Lord Rosebery been first in the field with the suggestion that the restoration of Linlithgow Palace would constitute an appropriate memorial of the Queen, the proposal for the completion of the Grecian structure on the hill that dominates the north-eastern side of Scotland's capital would have met with universal and hearty approval.

### Well Done, Miller!

Mr. James Miller, I.A., architect of the Glasgow Exhibition, is a Perthshire man who had his early training in the office of Messrs. A. and A. Heiton, Perth, after which he spent some time in several Edinburgh offices ere he entered the service of the Caledonian Railway Company in 1888. During this period, and since he started business on his own account in 1893, he has designed many stations for the Caledonian Company, including an important extension to the Central Station and Central Station Hotel. He was little over thirty-six when a Committee of experts selected his design, in August 1898, for Glasgow Exhibition buildings, and this decision has been warmly approved as a wise one by the best judges and the general public. Mr. Miller not only secured the premium of £250 offered for the best design, but will also receive a sum of three per cent. on the cost of the Exhibition buildings, which may amount to some £74,000. Mr. Miller's reputation is already on a sound basis, and he is busy with Clydebank Municipal Buildings, Town Hall, and Baths and Fire Station. In the near future he has additions in prospect on Peebles Hydropathic and Glasgow Theatre Royal. Mr. Miller's other successes have been the



GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND CAPTURED BOER GUNS. A CENTRE OF INTEREST.

Photo by Annan, Glasgow.

Glasgow Royal Infirmary, the Subway Station, St. Enoch Square, and the stations on the West Highland Railway; but Glasgow Exhibition, exterior and interior, will make his name known to thousands as one of the most talented young architects of the day.

### Glasgow University.

Glasgow University is about to celebrate its 550th anniversary. A Memorial Album which will be issued as part of the Commemoration is likely to be of great interest to many others than graduates of the University. It will contain contributions from those of the students who have won literary distinction. Lord Lister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and Professor Bryce will contribute reminiscences of the old College in High Street. Amongst the former Professors who will write for the Album are Dr. Edward Caird, the Master of Balliol, and Mr. A. C. Bradley, who was Professor of English Literature. One of the most interesting contributors outside of the University will be Mr. Neil Munro, the author of "John Splendid" and other excellent novels. Mr. Henry Grey Graham, who has written a Social History of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century, a work that fascinated Lord Rosebery, will write a history of the University as an introduction to the Album.

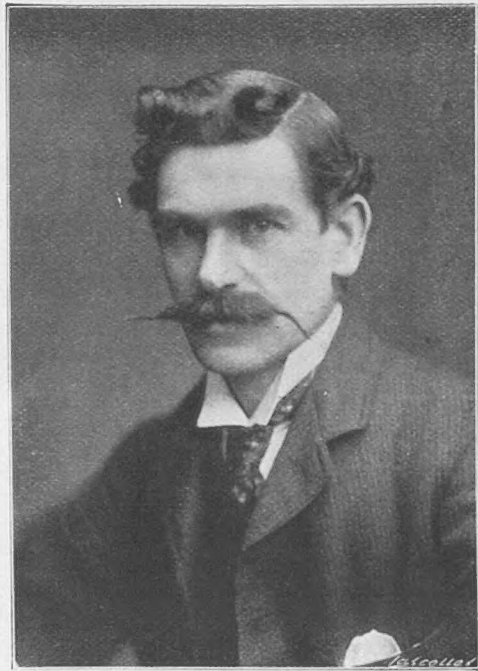
### The Kaiser and the Cadets.

The German Emperor, when at Kiel the other day (my Berlin Correspondent writes), wished to satisfy himself that all was as it should be on board the Charlotte, and therefore paid her a surprise visit at 11 p.m. Captain Vüllers, who was in charge of the vessel, had already turned in below decks, when he was suddenly aroused by the sailor on duty shouting, "Boat ahoy!" Hardly had he appeared on deck than he was greeted with a friendly "Good-evening, Vüllers," from the Kaiser, who then proceeded to personally inspect all on board. His Majesty looked in at the cabins where the cadets were sleeping, noticed what a strong electric-light was burning, and expressed incredulity at the possibility of sleeping in so strong a light. To assure himself that the young fellows were really asleep, he went up to one hammock, shook the snoring mate

hard, and asked how he managed to sleep on board. The drowsy cadet immediately answered, "Much better than at home, Your Majesty." The Emperor seemed well pleased with the answer, and soon after returned to his own vessel.

### The Crown Prince at Bonn.

The German Crown Prince is now a real student, and has begun his new life in the approved manner by learning to drink beer and to fight duels. His highly pleased with his eldest son, but was evidently aware of the latter's lack of oratorical powers, for when the Rector of Bonn University said, in the course of conversation, that the Crown Prince would have to make a speech, the Kaiser answered that he was afraid he would never be able to persuade his boy to do that. The Prince, however, succeeded in acquitting himself with credit, and made his speech, though, it is very true, but a short one. It is a lovely place, Bonn: a medium-sized town, rising up the slopes of the hill, with Father Rhine rushing swiftly past bearing countless steamers plying between Cologne and Bingen, and the lovely hills of the Sieben-gebirge range standing out nobly opposite the University-town. No wonder that the present Emperor looks back with affection for his old University and places his own eldest son at the same institution.



MR. JAMES MILLER, I.A., ARCHITECT OF THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

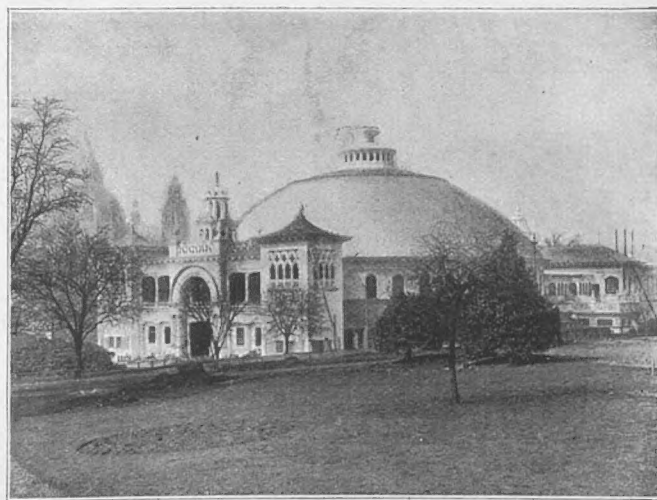
Photo by Annan, Glasgow.

### The Princes at Ploen.

While the Crown Prince is being initiated into all the solemn rites and practices of student-life at Bonn, his three younger brothers, Eitel Fritz, August Wilhelm, and Oscar, are hard at work at Ploen, where they are subjected to a daily routine stricter even than that to which they are accustomed at home. Every day they are up at half-past five, have their cold tubs, then their breakfast, and forthwith begin work. The eldest of the brothers visits the First Class of the Cadet School, the second one attends the Lower Fifth, and the third the Upper Third. They appear to have all made plenty of friends there and take an active part in all the games. The most popular game at the present moment is tennis, while the second place is apparently taken by riding and cycling. The fine lake at Ploen they use for rowing, and during the evenings write letters and picture-postcards to their parents and brother and sister.

### The Berlin Theater des Westens.

The new theatre in the West-End of Berlin has been having a great run with Beethoven's "Fidelio" lately. The chief cause of the great success of the piece is the beautiful rendering of the part of Fidelio by Miss Lilli Lehmann.



GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: THE CONCERT-HALL.

Photo by Annan, Glasgow.



*Madame Beatrice Langley.*

Madame Beatrice Langley, the charming violinist, recently distinguished herself greatly at St. James's Hall. With the exception of Lady Hallé, scarcely any feminine violinist is so much admired. Madame Langley plays with a breadth of tone and finish of style quite uncommon in her sex. Her



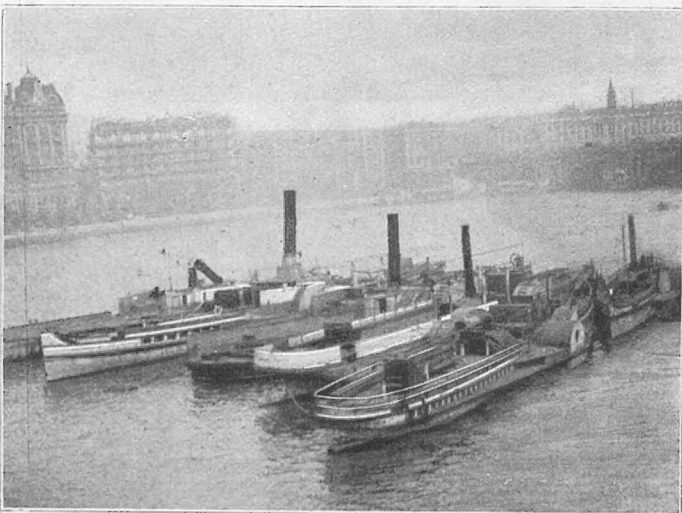
MADAME BEATRICE LANGLEY, THE ACCOMPLISHED VIOLINIST.

*Photo by Denney and Co., Teignmouth.*

artistic gifts were warmly appreciated on her first appearance in public, and her popularity has greatly increased of late.

*London's Pleasure Fleet.*

In cheerful contrast to the illustration I give on this page was the appearance presented by the Thames Steamboats on the afternoon of May Day, Wednesday last, when the Pleasure Fleet was passed under review before beginning its popular summer service. The question of the supply of an adequate service of passenger-boats up and down the Thames has been prominently before the public for some considerable time, and, whatever may be the outcome eventually of the much-discussed project for the provision of Municipal steamers, it is certain that even the bare prospect of ultimate competition must exercise a salutary effect upon the conditions of the existing service. The new service will be a far cheaper one than those of former seasons, the fare, for example, from London Bridge to Battersea—a distance of about four and three-quarter miles—being fixed



THAMES STEAMBOATS MOORED AT CHARING CROSS.

at twopence, while up to 8.30 a.m. workmen's tickets will be issued, it seems, at half-price. Every ten minutes the boats are to run, while a western extension is promised to Kew Gardens. There will also, it is stated, be a service eastwards from Westminster to Greenwich and Woolwich, a stretch of eleven miles, for the modest sum of sixpence, and "one-day trips" are being arranged to and from Herne Bay. Good luck, then, to the Pleasure Fleet, a veritable boon to tired and jaded Londoners!

*Tom Browne, R.I., R.B.A.*

A valued contributor of *The Sketch*, Mr. Tom Browne, of the Royal British Artists, who has two characteristic Dutch oil-paintings in the Academy, was warmly felicitated at the Savage Club, the other night, on his election as a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. *The Sketch* cordially offers its congratulations likewise. If Mr. Tom Browne will devote himself in the intervals of his black-and-white work to painting bright, humorous subjects, he will have an almost unoccupied field open to him, and a good chance before him to be a modern Hogarth.

*"O. U. D. S."*

Old Oxonians and others will be interested to hear that the Oxford University Dramatic Society has decided to perform "Much Ado About Nothing" for six nights and two matinées from May 20 to 25. The play is being produced under the direction of Mr. G. R. Foss, and the orchestra is managed and conducted by Lord Herschell. The ladies' parts will be filled by Miss Janet Alexander as Beatrice and Miss May Martyn as Hero.

*Mr. Harry Morgan, L.R.A.M.*

One of the youngest and most promising conductors in London is Mr. Harry Morgan, who last Saturday conducted the Church Sunday School Festival Choir of five thousand voices at the Crystal Palace. A

pupil of the organist of Salisbury Cathedral, Mr. Morgan continued his studies while singing as an alto in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford. Coming to London four years ago as one of the Assistant Vicars Choral at St. Paul's Cathedral, he soon became popular in musical circles. For two years he acted as assistant conductor of the Church Festival Choir, and ultimately succeeded Mr. Wetton (the well-known organist at the Foundling Chapel) as the conductor. He has been an articled pupil for some time past of that well-known voice-trainer, Mr. Fred Walker, from whom he has gathered much of voice-production and public singing.



MR. HARRY MORGAN, WHO CONDUCTED THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL FESTIVAL CHOIR AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE LAST SATURDAY.

*Photo by Bradshaw, Newgate Street, E.C.*

*John Hare as an Atlantic "Smoker" Chairman.*

Mr. John Hare, who returned from New York in the *Oceanic* on Wednesday last, had a great success as chairman of the concert held on board in aid of the Seamen's Charities. As the season is not yet far advanced, the boat was not so full as she will be later on, but the collection at the concert was the largest ever made on board the *Oceanic*. It was £130, and, as there were some disappointments over the entertainers, this satisfactory result must be put down to the persuasiveness of Mr. Hare's speech. As an actor-manager, he said he didn't like a "paper" house, but that evening he was all for paper, relieved with a little gold. He apparently got it, for the company was not a very large one. Miss Irene Vanbrugh contributed two short recitations to the entertainment, and reaped a rich harvest selling programmes. Among the other passengers on board the *Oceanic* were Mrs. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Hare, Lord Revelstoke, Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson returning from Mexico, Lady Lister-Kaye, the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester, and Sir Frederick Bathurst. The voyage was one of the pleasantest ever made by the magnificent White Star liner.

*Gate-Money at Lord's.*

"I understand," writes a cricketing correspondent, "that a vigorous protest is to be put forth this season against the acquisition of the gate-money collected at Lord's Cricket Ground on the occasions of the Eton and Harrow and Oxford and Cambridge cricket matches. It is pointed out by the objectors that the Marylebone Cricket Club derives a great income from these matches without benefitting the public spectator in any sort of way. The Club gives nothing to the Universities or the Public Schools. It might, at least, present two cups for competition at the Universities and for house matches at Eton and Harrow. I have never been able to understand why a rich Club like the 'M.C.C.' should be mean enough to ask for money from undergraduates and schoolboys. The ideal place for the University and Eton and Harrow matches is the Crystal Palace ground."



*Malvern En Fête.* The popular British watering-place has welcomed home young Lord Beauchamp with the greatest enthusiasm, for, as was only natural, the absence of the master of Madresfield Court means in every sense a serious loss to pretty Malvern; and, indeed, the good people of that district will not feel completely content till Lord Beauchamp has brought a bride to his lovely home. The ex-Governor of New South Wales appears delighted to be back once more among his early friends and tenants; a hundred of the latter, by the way, formed an imposing escort on the day of his return to Madresfield. It is said by his friends that the young Earl intends to enter political life; even while at Oxford he was regarded as quite an authority on public affairs, and, as President of the Union, his sound sense won golden opinions among his youthful contemporaries.

*Some June Weddings.*

Even in the twentieth century, superstition exercises a very clear influence on lovers, and not a single fashionable marriage is set down to take place during the merry month of May; on the other hand, the month of roses will see some very smart weddings. On June 1, a very pretty ceremony will take place at the Temple Church, where comparatively few weddings are celebrated, for on that day Mr. Archibald Bence will lead to the altar the Hon. Susan Lopes, the daughter of the late popular Judge. Another notable June wedding will be that of Mr. Dermott Blundell and the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Ward. Miss Sybil Ward is sure to have some interesting Royal gifts, for her grandmother, the late Madame de Falbe, was an intimate friend for many years of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, as well as of the late Duke and Duchess of Teck, and her beautiful country-house, Luton Hoo, was the scene of some notable Royal house-parties. Miss Ward was her clever grandmother's favourite grandchild and inherited from her some beautiful jewels.

*Military Marriages.*

As is natural, military bridegrooms now loom large on the horizon, and June will see the wedding of Captain Madden, one of the most popular officers of the newly formed Irish Guards, and Miss Macpherson Grant. A notable engagement, also of interest to Service circles, is that of Captain Charles White, one of the brothers of Lord Annaly, to a Scottish heiress, Miss Bulkeley Johnson. Captain White, who is the fortunate brother of a group of charming sisters which includes Lady Percy St. Maur, has greatly distinguished himself in the South African campaign. All Lord Annaly's brothers are famous fire-eaters, two of them having been among Dr. Jim's raiders, and each having undergone a period of imprisonment for his share in that wonderful adventure. The only one of the brothers already a Benedict is Lord Annaly himself.

*The late Hon. Lieutenant Macdonald.*

By the death, near Pretoria, of the Hon. Lieutenant Archibald R. Macdonald, son of Lord Macdonald of the Isles, from the bullet of an unseen foe, another distinguished and representative house is added to the large number of noble families bereaved by the protracted strife in South Africa. The Hon. Lieutenant Macdonald, who was a nephew, by the way, of Colonel Ross, of Cromarty, joined the 9th Lancers fifteen months ago. He was on the eve of celebrating his majority, and was gladly anticipating his home-going and the reception which awaited him from his fellow-clansmen. His death, with that of his comrades of the 9th Lancers, is the more sad from the circumstance that, ambushed as they were by the wily foe, they had not the opportunity of fair defence.

*Sir Archibald Hunter's Appointment.*

While the appointment of Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Hunter, K.C.B., to the command of the Scottish District, from which General E. F. Chapman is about to retire, occasioned considerable surprise, as Sir Archibald's name had not even been mentioned in connection with the post, there was, at the same time, general satisfaction at the choice the military authorities had made. The new Commander is in his forty-fifth year; twenty-seven of these have been spent in the Army, in which he has rendered signal service to his country—in Egypt and in South Africa particularly. He was wounded

severely at the battle of Giniss in 1885, and at Toski, in 1889, he received a spear-thrust in the arm. The achievements of Sir Archibald Hunter in Africa have already been alluded to in *The Sketch*, and are not likely to be forgotten by his countrymen. Since his return home, two months ago, the gallant officer has been mostly staying with his mother at West Kilbride, Ayrshire, and his wish to be spared any public demonstration has been respected. He is now in capital form—to use sporting phraseology—and, as the late W. S. Steevens wrote of him, "walks with his keen, conquering hazel eye looking out and upward, like an eagle's; but sometimes you will see on his face a look of strain and tension, which tells of the wound he always carries with him."

The Governorship of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea (which has been vacant for some months past), has just been conferred by the King upon General Sir Henry Wylie Norman, G.C.B. This officer is one of the most distinguished veterans living, his record dating from so far back as the year 1844, when he landed in India as an Ensign in the Bengal Infantry. His war-services include the Sikh Campaign, the Santhal Expedition, and the ever-memorable Mutiny. In this last he took part in practically all the great engagements, and is one of the now fast-dwindling band of those who were present at both the siege of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow. For his conduct on these occasions Sir Henry was thanked in General Orders and despatches on twenty-five separate occasions, and also earned promotion to the rank of Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel.



GENERAL SIR HENRY NORMAN, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

*Sir Bindon Blood.* Major-General Sir Bindon Blood, K.C.B., who has been giving the Boers a taste of his quality in the Middleburg district lately, is another proof—if any were needed—that the British Army contains officers capable of any sort of fighting. Called from India comparatively recently by Lord Kitchener, he has soon shown that his experience in the rugged fastnesses of the North-West was fit training for the work in hand. Sir Bindon is an officer of Lord Kitchener's own branch, the Royal Engineers. Born in 1842, he joined the "Sappers" at the age of eighteen, so that he has over forty years' service. Though he saw no actual fighting till he had been soldiering for some seventeen years, he has amply made up for that since, for he has fought in half a dozen wars, little and big, besides the present one, including the Jowaki Expedition, the Zulu War, Afghan War 1879-80, in Egypt at Tel-el-Kebir, in the Chitral Expedition (for which he got the "K.C.B."), and he commanded the Malakand and Buner Field Forces in the North-West Campaign of two or three years ago. His promotions, decorations, and "mentions" have been many, and he is considered something of a specialist in the peculiar kind of work now going on in South Africa.

*General Bruce Hamilton.*

One of the officers who has come most prominently to the front of late is Major-General Bruce Meade Hamilton, whose name has been so frequently confounded with that of his famous namesake, Sir Ian Hamilton. To be promoted from Regimental Major and Brevet-Colonel to the rank of Major-General is a somewhat unusual experience, and General Bruce Hamilton's appointment being dated back to April of last year makes his advance all the more striking. Major-General Hamilton comes of a family of soldiers, for his father, Lieutenant-General H. M. Hamilton, was for many years Colonel of the Suffolk Regiment, and at one time attended a Levée at St. James's accompanied by four soldier-sons all of whom had made their mark. Major-General Bruce Hamilton joined the East Yorks Regiment in 1877, and served in the Afghan War three years later. In the Boer War of 1881 he was Aide-de-Camp to poor Sir George Colley, and he has since fought in Burma, Ashanti, and in the Benin Expedition of 1897. With his array of medals and number of "mentions" at the early age of forty-three, General Hamilton might well sing, "It is, it is a glorious thing to be a Major-General!"

Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett has completed a new novel entitled "The Making of a Marchioness." It is described as a satire without malice of English Society "as she may be observed at house-parties."



MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE NATAL GOVERNMENT ON THE SPOT WHERE FELL LIEUTENANT ROBERTS, V.C., AT COLENZO.



*The 9·2-inch Gun.* The new armoured cruisers that are being added to our Navy are to carry, as their principal weapons, a couple of 9·2-inch guns of a new type, placed upon a specially designed hydraulic mounting. Hitherto, guns of this calibre have been worked by hand. In addition to other improvements, the gun's



THE NEW VICKERS-MAXIM 9·2 GUN-MOUNTING ON BOARD THE GUNBOAT "EXCELLENT."

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

mechanism and the men firing the weapon are protected by a steel hood, which covers all completely, in place of the older-fashioned shield. The gun, which is much the finest 9·2 in existence, and its hood are shown in the above accompanying photograph, placed in a gunboat for trial purposes. When in position aboard H.M.S. *Cressy*, *Hogue*, &c., the mounting is so arranged that the bottom of the hood is flush with the ship's deck, and the top-heavy appearance seen in the picture is, as a consequence, got rid of. Practically, the hood gives all the advantages of a barbette, as the gun can be loaded in any position with complete security, and great rapidity of fire is obtained by the use of hydraulic power for the mounting. Besides, the gun's crew are saved much labour, and, as a consequence, would be able to fight longer than if they had the exhausting task of moving the gun by manual effort. Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. and Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim are supplying the mountings to the Admiralty. The gun was designed by the latter firm.

*Thames Salmon.* An experiment of a somewhat novel character was made at Teddington, the other day, in the interests of the angling fraternity. It is close upon a hundred years since a salmon was caught in the reaches of the Thames, and the six hundred which had been reared by Mr. Crosbie Gilbey in his hatchery at Denham, near Uxbridge, and which were with some ceremony thence transferred to the waters of Teddington Weir, are the first attempt since that time to re-introduce the royal fish into the royal river. Most of the celebrities of the angling world were present on the occasion, and a good show of people both on the banks and afloat assisted at the ceremony. It is scarcely probable that the salmon will manage to survive the many dangers of impure water, voracious pike, and other ills which will beset them. But, should the experiment prove at all successful, it will, no doubt, be greatly extended, and the heart of the London angler may yet swell with pride as he carries home in view of all men his haul of Thames salmon.

### *The Doyen of London Publishers.*

Mr. Edward Marston, of the well-known publishing house of Sampson Low and Co., is warmly esteemed and greatly respected as the *doyen* of London publishers. Though a veteran in years, Mr. Marston is still youthful in energy and spirits. All the angling brotherhood are familiar with his tall, spare frame and his active gait. What he has written in his leisure moments of his beloved pastime over the signature "An Amateur Angler" would make a volume of unwieldy bulk, and the stories his comrades of the rod-and-line have heard from his lips would form an interesting collection. Like his late friend, Mr. Smith—of whom, by the way, Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his exquisite tribute in this month's *Cornhill*, says: "He made me aware that he trusted me implicitly, that I could trust him equally"—he has met many distinguished authors, some of whom he befriended in their early days of storm and stress. Mr. Marston has published for, among others, William Black, R. D. Blackmore, Thomas Hardy, and Sir Henry M. Stanley.

### *The White Bear Inn.*

The White Bear Inn, which was swept away in order to make room for the palatial Criterion, was a noted hostelry in 1685, if not earlier, as is proved by the following extract from the sexton's book of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, under the date of June 8 of that year: "Ann Hill, in Piccadilly, next the White Bear." In this tavern Benjamin West (1738-1820) passed his first night in London. It is said that the famous American portrait and historical painter refused a knighthood because his religious scruples—he was a Quaker—would not permit him to accept it. Luke Sinclair, the engraver of Hogarth's "March to



SITE OF THE CRITERION RESTAURANT: THE YARD OF THE OLD WHITE BEAR INN, PICCADILLY, ABOUT 1820.

From an Original Drawing by Shepherd, in the possession of Mr. J. G. Crace.

Finchley." died at the White Bear. Another engraver, J. B. Chatelain, also died there in 1744. He was a most improvident man. He etched and engraved for a Mr. Thoms, receiving a shilling an hour for his work, but he was so idle that he frequently demanded sixpence at the end of the first half-hour, and forthwith spent the morning on ale. The Criterion Restaurant and Theatre originally cost over a hundred thousand pounds. The building was opened on Nov. 8, 1873, and large sums have been expended upon it in recent years, the East Room being now one of the most elegant of London's dining-places, while the buffet—with its rich mosaic, mother-of-pearl, and marble work—is as notable in its way as the cosy grill-room.

### *Mr. Sutton Palmer's Pastels.*

Rarely indeed does one see pastel applied to landscape work with so much discrimination and success as are manifested in Mr. Sutton Palmer's show at the Fine Art Society's Galleries. His vision of Nature is unusually sympathetic and poetical, and the peculiar skill with which he handles his medium enables him to realise the atmospheric qualities that constitute so much of the charm of English landscape with a degree of truth that is not often attained in water-colour or oil. As a colourist, the artist is highly selective and very accurate, and the wide range of his capacity is illustrated by such contrasting works as the gorgeous sunset in "The Glory of the West" and the tender grey landscape, "Llanberis Lake."

A particularly brilliant work is "The Close of a Perfect Day: Ambleside," and the treatment of May-blossom in "The Pride of Spring" is such as to make it harmonise with the landscape—by no means a common achievement, for few artists seem able to avoid the danger of making their May chalky.



RE-STOCKING THE THAMES WITH SALMON AT TEDDINGTON WEIR.



*Salon of the  
"Artistes  
Français."*

The President of the Republic (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) inaugurated the second Salon. He found himself confronted there with no less than six portraits of himself. Bonnat, Bouguereau, and Henner dominate this Exhibition, and they are too well known and too stereotyped to be commented upon. Joseph Bail takes off the professional honours with a picture called "Repas des Servantes," which is considered to be first in the running for the Medal of Honour. The personal success goes to M. Benjamin-Constant, with a portrait of Queen Alexandra and a portrait of the Pope. It was for the aforesaid portrait that our Queen graciously accorded the sittings last year at Marlborough House, and for which she honoured the distinguished French painter with a visit to his studio when she was at Paris. It is a beautiful harmony of violets and gold, and is as much admired as M. Constant's grand portrait of Her late Majesty is. The superb portrait of Leo XIII. has an expression of mingled benevolence and malice which suggests Voltaire.

But I must devote a whole paragraph to the remarkable painting of His Holiness. Some suggest that Benjamin-Constant's portrait of the Pope is slightly theatrical. He has a merry smile, and is sitting in a ray of sunshine. There is not a suggestion of sternness or authority. I asked a personal friend of His Holiness who was with me if it was a living portrait. He replied, "It recalls to me a morning in the Vatican years ago. The Pope was reading his correspondence in the most sunlit spot. Cardinal Manning had sent him his latest photograph. He looked at the stern, sad face of the Cardinal, and then, with a smile, he said, 'I must write to Manning. He looks so unhappy that I fancy he must be thinking of leaving the Church for some other Creed!'"

Jules Simon's Memoirs, which all the French papers are reviewing at length, contain, among other sketches, the following vivid word-portrait of Napoleon III.: "As soon as he reached the Chamber, he took an enormous opera-glass and turned it upon the women in the tribunes. He never took off his lilac-coloured gloves. Named on a Committee with M. Jules Simon, he opened his mouth before this Committee only on one important occasion, and then it was to recommend frictions of strong tea for bald-headedness."

*Paris Herself  
Again.*

After four long years, Paris is justifying her claim to be regarded as the City that is in perpetual laughter and light. The huge scaffoldings for the Exhibition have disappeared, and the brilliant season that opens with the Salon and culminates in flower-battles and horse-racing at Auteuil and Longchamps in June was never more brilliantly inaugurated. It was sad and grey when the Salon was forced away from the Champs-Élysées and driven to the desert of the Champ de Mars. There were no dinners at the open-air restaurants; the champagne was hopefully put on ice by the restaurateur, but no one came to seek for it. Now that

Paris has once more swept up her house, and is left to herself again, the Bois is occupied by ladies whose dresses are prettier than the daintiest flowers, and whose smile (costly as it may be) is a life souvenir.

*English Stage for  
Paris.*

There is a question of a more or less permanent English stage in Paris, to be established in the Latin Quarter. The idea has, I believe, its genesis in the interest that the Bishop of Ripon took in the series of lectures given at the Sorbonne, the idea of which was to promote the study of the English language by the French. Some of the most celebrated English orators addressed the French students in English, and the British Ambassador was a cordial supporter of the idea. Mr. Rellaw—read Waller, a well-known and esteemed English resident—has fallen upon the excellent idea of producing in the Boulevard St. Germain some of the masterpieces of sound English comedy, which will put the Anglo-Saxon language before the French in the most agreeable manner. I have reason to know that the *Illustration* has given sound encouragement to the enterprise, for the English company that will appear in "Caste" next week have been photographed and will appear in all their paint and feathers in its columns.

The sound of music has even increased my appetite, and my coffee and cigarette, too, have seemed the more fragrant after, but I do strongly object to the latest eccentric Paris novelty. Ladies at one of the famous dining-places the other night had fixed bells on their bracelets, and it was a tinkle-tinkle that suggested you were engaged in some sleigh-race instead of a gastronomic feat. No, no! Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross is all very well for the children, but the bells on the fingers and rings on the toes bring about despair and indigestion for the elders.

An amusing story was told me the other day (continues my Correspondent in "Gay Paree") by one of the parties concerned. One of the devoted nurses in a hospital at Chantilly had nursed back to life a jockey who had been shockingly injured. She was Irish, and said to him,

"Now, couldn't you give us a tip, because we do so badly want money for the poor." When his friends of the saddle came to visit him, they sat in council and gave a "certainty." When the priest found that the horse had won and two thousand five hundred francs were in the poor-box, he was very human in his condemnation.

*Eton and  
Encroachment.*

A Public School man writes: "There is no doubt that Harrow is being encroached upon; the hill is being surrounded by suburban villas, and even flats. But few people would imagine that Eton is being gradually swamped by the building wave. Yet such is the case. From Slough and Datchet the ocean of bricks is pouring fast, and I cannot imagine how the outskirts of the College grounds can escape. Luckily, the Playing Fields, the Timbrels, and, I believe, Dorney Common, are safe."



THE DAWN OF PEACE.—C. E. BUTLER.  
No. 809 in the Royal Academy.





I SEE LIFE—AT THE RISK OF MY NECK.

"HANSOM!"  
"Ere y'are, sir! Thenkyer, sir! Give us a— Ah! Yah! Garn!"

I am in the cab, thank goodness, and driving rapidly away from the grossly personal remarks of three of those loafing youths who make it their business to levy blackmail on any unfortunate being who happens to hail a vehicle within their sight or hearing. This particular trio have their pitch in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park Corner; other members of the band may be found in every street of London.

We pass through a gateway of the Green Park, and scramble for a place in the stream of traffic going towards Pall Mall. It is lucky I chance to be here this beautiful afternoon, for every brougham, landau, and victoria in London is arrayed for my inspection. It's a pity, though, that I happen to have only one horse to drag me; two look so much more dignified. I'll see about that when I get a few years to spare. In the meantime, I may as well adjust my tie, sit up, and look as smart as possible. And I think I'll tell the cabby to put his hat straight. Hi! Cabby! Just—!

Jingo! That was a near thing! No wonder the Duchess of Appleton's dog sat up expectantly. I quite thought I was going to be emptied into Her Grace's expansive lap. However, we have escaped by the immeasurable something of an inch, so that's all right. Be still, fluttering heart! I don't think I'll try to talk to the cabby again, though. It isn't fair to either of us.

Yes, it's a brave sight, this smoothly flowing stream of the bluest blood in Britain. Perhaps I ought to put my gloves on. I will. After all, a smirk and a philanthropic tailor will take a man through most things. I must make a note of that, and remember to cultivate any faculties I may possess in the way of smug self-satisfaction on Tuesday and Friday afternoons from three to five.

I wonder who the young lady with the Roman nose is. It was kind of her to bow to me and smile so sweetly. Ah! There's poor dear old —. "How d'ye do, how d'ye do? Eh? Yes! Certainly!" I don't know in the least what he said. I hope I haven't promised to go and hear him read the unabridged version of "Hamlet" on Sunday evening. Now, cabby, steady round the corner. Mind that growler! Heavens, the silly ass is trying to —!

—! "Why don't you learn to drive, my man? Eh? Yes, it was. You shouldn't have tried to get in front. I say, you shouldn't have tried to be so smart. Nonsense! He's just as much right to the road as you have. What's that? Oh, all right then! I said, very well then. Drive on." Really, I'm afraid I shall never arrive in one piece.

Now to take Pall Mall by storm. The shady side is rather crowded

this afternoon. And, talking of the shady side, what a pity it is that Thackeray is not alive to write a few delightful articles on the War and the War Office. But perhaps an up-to-date article on "Military Snobs" wouldn't be popular just now.

Clubland, I

notice, is all alive. At least, when I say it is all alive, I mean that there are quite a number of apathetic gentlemen sitting in and staring out of the windows. Their attitudes and the expressions on their faces are more than sufficient to inform the passers-by that they were put down on the Club-books as candidates for election several years before they were born. If I hadn't been exceptionally well brought up, I might say that the whole scene reminded me of a modernised version of the parable of Lazarus.

My Jehu, I notice, has at last awakened to the honour of his duty. With what an air he flicks the ribs of his nimble little nag! I only hope he won't overdo it and hit me in the eye. I am quite aware that he was annoyed by the remarks I let fall in the Park, but I don't want to be painfully reminded of the fact. I've seen it done, though, quite neatly. I've seen a man touched up with a cabby's whip three times

during one ride. I don't know when I have been so much amused. There were three of us in the cab, and the butt of the joke was sitting in front. He lost his temper in the end, and that made us laugh immoderately. But I shan't laugh if this silly coon goes and —

—! "Look here, do you know you've hit me in the eye with your whip? Well, you have, then! Yes, in the eye. I suppose you thought it was only across the cheek or under the chin. Don't grin like that, you bell-coated, hyper-hatted hyena! The sooner you learn to drive a motor the better for — for — well, the sooner the better. Now go on!" Chuckle-headed, wooden-elbowed chuckler! He ought to be in comic opera.

The Strand at last! He can't do much dashing here, that's one thing, and I have time to study the stream of mimics who are ever pacing to and fro, to and fro, between Wellington Street and Bedford Street. When I want to dissuade a swollen-headed and locally belauded young amateur from taking to the stage as a profession, I always lead him down the North side of the Strand on a sunny summer afternoon. And the object-lesson sobers him: it cools his head: it teaches

him that all is not gay that grins. He sees the fair flesh fall away from the face of Imagination the Temptress, and from the naked skull the imp of Reality looks out at him with ugly eyes. Then I complete the cure by leading the young genius into a tea-shop and giving him the most indigestible-looking bun I can discover.

But the Strand is not entirely given up, this pleasant afternoon, to out-of-work actors. It is a matinée day, and a timely block in the traffic at Wellington Street enables me to study the streams of playgoers who are coming out of the Lyceum after witnessing there a most interesting performance of "Coriolanus." At the risk of finding myself in disagreement with the facetious melodramatist who presides over the tolerant members of the "O. P." Club, I am delighted to observe that these Lyceum patrons do not look at all as though they have been bored by the play or disappointed in the general production. On the contrary, I hear, as they pass along the pavement, enthusiastic appreciations of Sir Henry's subtle and impressive acting in the name-part; of Miss Ellen Terry's sweet womanliness as Volumnia; of Alma-Tadema's artistic reproduction of the Senate-house and the other historic spots that figure in one's history of Ancient Rome. And I remember with gratitude the rebuke that Sir Henry Irving administered to those who speak with flippant irreverence of Shakspeare in the story of his dream that he told at the "O. P." Club.

And now I am almost at the end of my journey. What shall I give the cabman? I suppose the fare is eighteenpence at most. Oh, well! call it two shillings, for, after all, he hasn't actually tipped me —!

—! He has, though, and I am sitting in the road with my coins strewn around me. I have not the spirit to rebuke him again. I will leave him, therefore, to collect what is left of my capital, and retire to a neighbouring chemist's shop to get my eye bathed.

Anyhow, I've seen life.



"Chicot"



THE FIRST GREAT AUSTRALIAN CITY TO WELCOME THE ROYAL TOURISTS.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE (WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK STAY), VIEWED FROM THE MELBOURNE BOTANICAL GARDENS.



MELBOURNE: VIEW OF QUEEN STREET, INTERSECTED BY COLLINS STREET.

(See "The Sketch" Small Talk.)

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. RUDD, BOURKE STREET EAST.



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A GOOD story is being told about a well-known American lady who has published several books on her experiences in various parts of Europe—books which have been very popular on both sides of the Atlantic. She was recently in Ireland, making a study of the places and people for a new volume, and was introduced to the literary set of Dublin. A well-known Professor made arrangements for her to meet the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Dr. Madden, the author of that charming book, "The Diary of Master William Silence." Unfortunately, the lady in question had not time to read the book before meeting the author, but the title suggested a good topic of conversation, and she discoursed at some length on the character and history of William the Silent. She noticed that the author was hardly responsive, but it was not until some weeks after, when she began to read the book, that she discovered the reason. "The Diary of Master William Silence" has, I need hardly say, nothing whatever to do with William of Orange, but is a study of Shakspeare and Elizabethan Sport. I am rather anxious to see whether this interesting experience will find a place in the lady's new book.

Miss Cholmondeley, who works very slowly and always re-writes considerably, will not have a new novel ready for some time. She is, however, thinking of collecting a number of her shorter stories for publication in the near future.

History has been plagiarising fiction again. It appears that more than a year ago a contributor to *Harper's Magazine* wrote an exciting story round the entirely imaginative capture of Aguinaldo. This was presently forgotten, like all magazine stories, but "Just the other day"—I cannot refrain from quoting from the American newspaper: they tell things so much more graphically on the "other side"—"the whole civilised world sat up straight and Uncle Sam took off his hat and whooped at the news that General Funston actually had captured the Filipino leader in the exact manner described by this magazine writer in December 1899." They are now gravely discussing in New York whether the magazine writer ought not to share the General's honours.

Messrs. Cassell have hit upon a novel and excellent idea for their book-stall at the Glasgow Exhibition. One of the attendants of the stall is Stevenson's Alan Breck in the flesh. Every effort has been made to secure the correctness of his picturesque dress in each detail, and, altogether, the hero of "Kidnapped" will be one of the most striking figures in the Exhibition.

I expected to be received with polite bows—"Buenos dias, Señors," &c. Imagine, then, what a shock I experienced when, on crossing the threshold, we were greeted with a torrent of Spanish profanity, emanating from an excited fat little Filipino behind a large desk, frantically waving a Malay kris over his head with one hand, while in the other he held a Colt's revolver, the hammer of which he was snapping with wonderful rapidity, producing a sound similar to a typewriter in full operation, and on each side of us stood a file of soldiers with Remingtons with fixed bayonets, pointed at us as if about to charge.

This is not an extract from the latest sensational novel. It is taken from Albert Sonnichsen's account of his captivity among the Filipinos. That's the real kind of article we are in need of! Why can't the War Correspondents in South Africa write like that?

Paris is really beginning at last to forget. The Institute and the learned Societies are at present busy fêting the great German historian, Theodor Mommsen, who in 1870 took the initiative in a petition to the Emperor William for the "immediate and pitiless bombardment of the Capital of Universal Corruption, of Modern Babylon." The "Grand Old Man of Germany" seems to be enjoying himself in Modern Babylon, and, now that the Parisians have accepted Wagner, there is a growing enthusiasm for things Teutonic. But it is only a few years ago that I saw the soldiers charge a seething mob outside the Opera, and heard frenzied yells of "À bas Waagnère!" No wonder that the famous caricaturist Forain always heads his pictures "Doux Pays."

Paris is always having its joke at the expense of the Académie. Here is the latest story about M. Gaston Boissier, the famous Secretary of the Académie and authority on French orthography and grammar. One morning, Boissier paid a visit to Renan in a state of great excitement and told him that he had some painful news for him. It seemed that he had been at an auction of autograph letters, and that, while Renan's signature fetched only three francs, Boissier's was sold for over five francs. "Ah!" said Renan; "I do not suppose you know the reason. This is what happened. As a matter of fact, there are in your letter a number of mistakes of grammar and orthography. I have it here on my desk, this precious autograph of yours, which sold for over five francs. One of my friends who was at the sale read the letter, and determined to buy it at any price and return it to you, for fear that the Académie should suffer if it got into wrong hands." But Boissier's errors can hardly be held to compare with those of another famous Academician, who, in making his application for membership, actually spelt Académie with two "c's." His letter is one of the most precious in the Paris archives.

The French Salon this year contains two statues of great literary interest. One is Rodin's magnificent Victor Hugo, which, unlike the Balzac that gave such offence to a number of his admirers, has been received with enthusiastic approval; the other, a more pleasing though less powerful and original bust, is M. Saint-Marceaux' Alphonse Daudet, a perfect triumph of smiling tenderness and suffering. o. o.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A Full Week—Academy Inanities—"Things which had Better be Expressed Otherwise"—Catalogues and their Depraving Effect—"Prof. Michael B. Angelo"—Anonymity's Artful Aid—*Ars est Celare Nomen*.

THIS is an eventful epoch. The Duke of Cornwall and York has begun his Australian tour; the Royal Academy has opened, so have the Earl's Court and the Glasgow Exhibitions. The coaching, cricket, and tennis seasons have started; the War has ended once more—and asparagus is "in." A young but *blasé* Clubman, who generally discusses the arrangements of Providence with contempt and disgust, was kind enough to observe the other day that we were getting value for our money this week.

Mechanical difficulties demand that a monthly magazine should be prepared some time before it is published, and make it necessary to criticise the Burlington House Picture Fair a week before one has seen it. To the ordinary critic this might for a moment seem a disadvantage. To the professional journalist it is the merest trifle. And could anything be more inane than the remarks some make—such of us as look at the pictures at all—at the Royal Academy? Nothing, except perhaps the remarks we hear at the Horse Shows. Really, the safest course is to adopt Sydney Smith's advice on conversation—begin by saying that you know nothing whatever about the subject under discussion. You can then with safety and dignity mistake a "Death of a Favourite Cat" for a Coronation scene, and a Duchess of Devonshire for a "Lowering Day in the West of Scotland."

We should, of course, avoid asking if Signor Rubens has been painting anything lately, as a young lady was heard to do, or making the mistake of the American who wrote home directions to send him any new works of Messrs. Raphael or Phidias that came out, regardless of expense. In the States, however, the Old Masters are severely handicapped by not being named Joshua P. Reynolds, Michael B. Angelo, or something of that kind. Again, we should avoid the meanness of the rich man who last year bought a large picture of "Trawlers in the South Atlantic," cut off the reflections of the trawlers in the water, and had them framed as a second marine picture by the same artist. Again, let us beware of asking the painter who points out to us his view of "The Houses of Parliament and the Abbey" "whether that is anywhere near London?" However, common tact, with only a slight knowledge of art, will suggest points like these of itself.

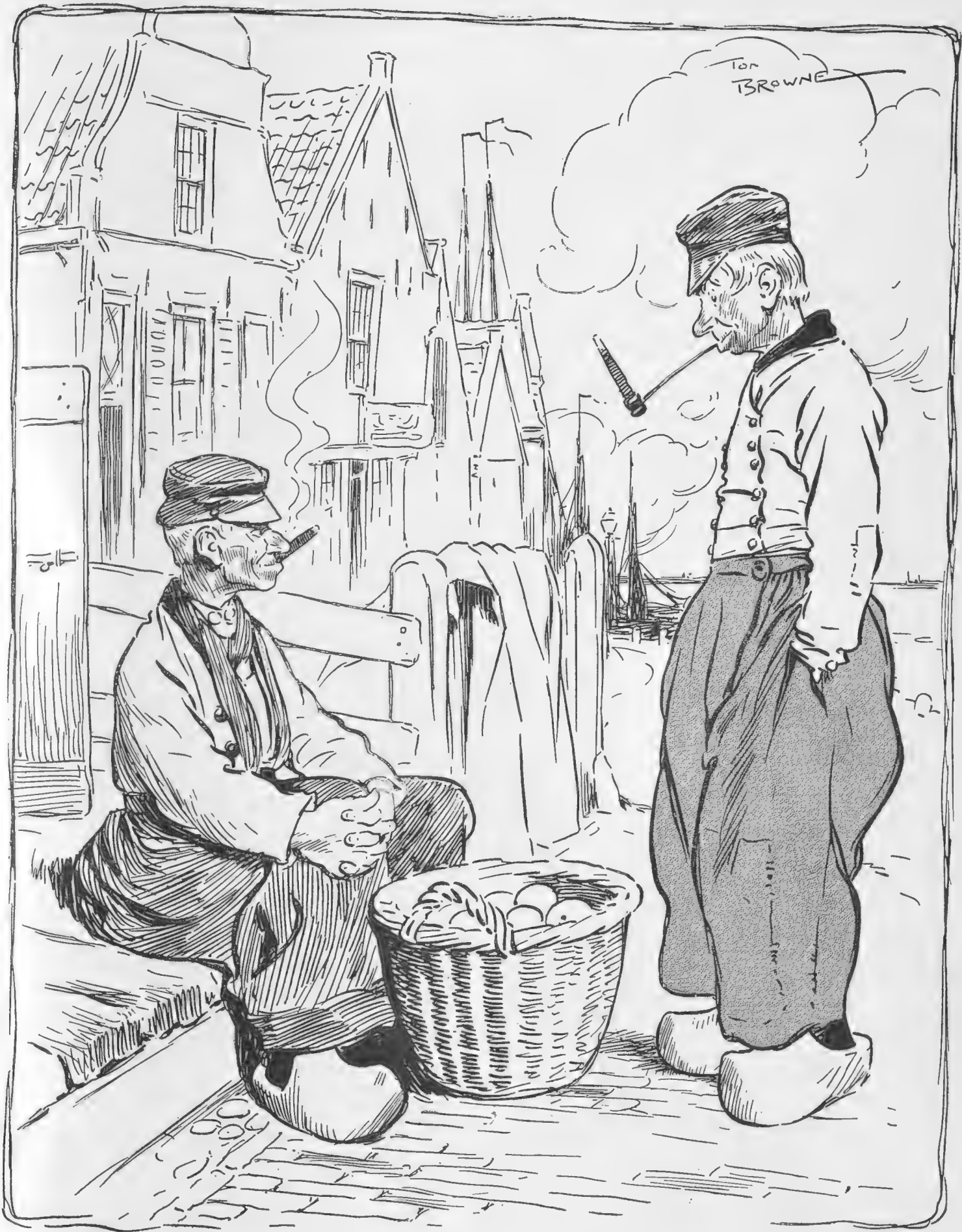
A curious fictitious importance attaches to the one in a party who holds the catalogue. He has the air of a man who has not only compiled the catalogue itself at considerable expense and labour, but has painted most of the pictures. The others refer to him deferentially on points of style, and with a single word he blasts, *ex cathedra*, the reputations of the greatest living painters. If he should be adjudged unequal to this high position by the public opinion of the party and the catalogue is conferred on someone of greater ability and nerve, all these prerogatives at once pass away with it and he becomes again an ordinary human being.

The jokes are too well-worn for resurrection here about the rustics who come into the Academy, read the prices charged by the artists, and discuss the increased cost nowadays of canvas, frames, and oil-paint—"to say nothing of the labour of the putting of it on." (Mr. Whistler has enhanced the force of this observation lately by declaring the value of a picture to increase the more all traces of the means and the work spent upon it are effaced.) A few years ago, an American party misread "The Doges of Venice" as "The Dogs of Venice" in the catalogue, and identified them with a group of Scotch terriers. Quite lately, a family in the Paris Louvre stopped opposite a tumultuous representation of the Day of Judgment, and the father, who, of course, held the catalogue, was heard to say, "Um!—yes, here we are—'Altercation among Irish Peasants.' Perfect!"

Artists notoriously want business enterprise. Why not sign a picture "X," and leave the Press to dispute angrily who painted it? A young writer was heard a few days ago to bemoan the failure of his book to a friend. "Change the title and bring it out again as 'By a hitherto unknown author who refuses to disclose his name,'" was the briskly given advice; "it would be the rage of the Season." Publishers are beginning to refuse to interview people who bring manuscripts which they state they have been handed by the disguised relative of the man whose second-cousin's father-in-law has been sent it anonymously by the author.

But art is virgin soil. A little secrecy sown about a picture would bring forth an hundredfold, even unto the securing of those hall-marks of fame—a brass rail and a policeman. Send the picture in at midnight by a veiled messenger and communicate with the Committee by anonymous post-cards or the Agony Column of the *Times*. What made the Man-in-the-Iron-Mask, the Whitechapel Murderer, and Captain Moonlight such successes? Anonymity. A fortune awaits the man who reduces the public to a condition of bewilderment. A good anonymous painter is sure to make his name just now—metaphorically, of course. Mr. Whistler has said that *Ars est celare artem* is the motto of the Royal Academy. *Ars est celare nomen* should be that of the exhibitor. HILL ROWAN.





THE DUTCH SCHOOL: A BROWN(E) STUDY.



## SIR EDWARD JOHN POYNTER, P.R.A., D.C.L.

NOT necessarily the best artist makes the best President. But Sir Edward Poynter brings an agreeable individuality to bear on his duties, as well as a native kindness and a desire to

## BENEFIT HIS BROTHER ARTISTS

that unflinching gain for him their goodwill. Much of the social side of Sir Edward Poynter's success is doubtless due to his wife, a lady of singular grace and charm, who is the sister of Lady Burne-Jones and the aunt of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

One can imagine that, if Sir Edward Poynter could only be left alone with his work, he would be quite as happy without all the social distractions that are inevitable to his position, for his is the temperament of the earnest student combined with that of the ever-striving artist. His energy and perseverance are extraordinary. Imagine a man giving six years of frequent, if not continuous, attention to the painting of a single picture, as he did in the case of

## "THE MEETING OF SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA,"

designing the architecture himself, and having a model of it constructed from which to work. The successful carrying-out of such an extensive design, crowded as it is with figures, implies an infinity of painstaking labour and a rare degree of determination. But the President's motto is "Thorough," and in whatever he undertakes is to be seen the evidence of a desire to come as near perfection as a human being may hope to do. Perhaps such qualities as these have not been without their accompanying disadvantages, for his ever-alert energy has often taken him into other fields than that of art-production, and if his interests had been less wide his pictures might have been more numerous. He threw himself into the

## WORK OF ART INSTRUCTION

as Slade Professor at University College and as Director of the South Kensington Schools; but it soon became evident that such occupation must seriously interfere with his artistic career, and he wisely gave it up. Nevertheless, his great erudition and his wide sympathy with the various schools of painting clearly proved him to be the right man in the right place as

## DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY

when Sir F. Burton died, in 1894. There was much that needed to be done in the classification of the pictures and in the revision of the attributions, and it may now be said with confidence that the National Gallery is a more trustworthy guide to students than ever before. The gigantic work of producing an illustrated catalogue containing reproductions of every picture in the collection was brought to completion under Sir Edward's supervision only a few months ago.

## SIR EDWARD POYNTER'S ACTIVITIES

have taken him into various departments of art. He has been very successful in portraiture, but, no doubt, his greatest work has been achieved in classical painting, a form of art that carries on the traditions, for it was loved by Sir Joshua no less than by Lord Leighton.

Sir Edward's health was delicate in his youth, and this made it necessary for him to winter abroad, a circumstance that had a far-reaching effect on his career; for he not only learnt to appreciate the great works of the Renaissance, as Sir Joshua had done when a young man, but he gained the friendship of the then youthful Leighton, on whose advice he took up the study of the human figure in preference to landscape, which had previously fascinated him. Leighton's judgment was never more thoroughly justified, for, if there is one particular in which Sir Edward's work appeals to artists more than another, it is the classical accuracy of his treatment of the nude.

This reminds one of the amusing outcry that was raised in 1885

## BY A "BRITISH MATRON,"

whose modesty was outraged by the exhibitions of the undraped figure in the Royal Academy, one of the most "shocking examples" being the present President's "Diadumene." The discussion of the subject in the Press made some public sensation and was a source of no little mirth among artists. In the hands of a scholarly painter like Sir E. J. Poynter the human form meets not so much with realistic representation as with an

## ENDOWMENT OF NOBILITY AND POETRY,

and consequently such works as "A Visit to Æsculapius," which has been acquired by the Chantrey Trustees, and other productions of his, will long be valued as illustrations of the possibilities of line and colour provided by the human form, no less than as suggestions of an ideal humanity.

As to Sir Edward's personal tastes, it may be mentioned that he is

## AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER OF MUSIC,

especially of Handel. It is related that his devotion to this composer provided Du Maurier with frequent occasions for mischievous fun during their student days in Paris, when they were associated with Whistler and Prinsep.

## THE PRESIDENT'S PICTURE IN THIS YEAR'S ACADEMY

is a charming representation of a scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the figures of Helena and Hermia are prominent. It is the product of a busy and strenuous life that leaves not so much time as could be desired for the painting of pictures, and, as such, it will probably be the more highly valued.

## MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

MANY visitors to the Royal Academy this year will be seriously disappointed to miss an example of Mr. Marcus Stone's

## IDYLIC LOVE-SCENES IN OLD GARDENS,

with their noble trees, sun-flecked lawns, and picturesque young men and women in the attire of a century ago. The distinguished artist has been a victim to influenza, and this devastating malady, in combination with some commissions that he had to finish, has prevented him from making his usual contribution to the annual Exhibition—a contribution that has been of unflinching regularity for something like forty years. He, however, is not entirely unrepresented this year, for he sends

## A PRETTY WATER-COLOUR SKETCH

of one of the typical gardens in which he delights. Mr. Marcus Stone is probably the most widely popular of our living artists. His pictures have been reproduced in thousands and have found admirers in all parts of the world.

## HIS YOUNG LOVERS,

so daintily clad and romantically situated, are but the youths and maidens of to-day under the influence of a transfiguring passion that makes all surroundings beautiful. Consequently, all who have experienced "love's young dream" can find in his work an echo of their own happiness or pain. But his pictures contain more than this. The love-stories that they embody are an idealisation and a crystallisation of youthful romance,

## BEAUTIFIED BY A HARMONIOUS SETTING

in which the emotions produced by delicate and appropriate colour are stirred to intensify the central human drama.

Time was, in his early days, when, in accordance with the prevailing ideas of the period, he tried his hand at historical painting. But he was soon convinced that all the panoply and glitter that were thought necessary to this kind of work must be artificial, and he longed to represent the humanity that he saw around him. Here was a difficulty, for, however interesting he might find the men and women of his day, they certainly did not lend themselves to pictorial representation. Therefore, he selected a period, not so remote as to be severed in sentiment from our own, in which the costumes were sufficiently decorative for his purpose—the period of our grandmothers—and he set himself to portray the emotions that were as common to them as they are to ourselves. Thus

## THE POETRY OF HIS PICTURES

is not diminished by any archaic setting and always secures appreciation.

He is one of the few modern artists who do not paint direct from Nature. His fascinating gardens, his beautiful maids, and their handsome swains have existed only in his imagination. He forms his conception and materialises it practically without models, only occasionally, perhaps, referring to Nature for a matter of detail. Those who appreciate the serenity of his works and their apparently unlaboured character have little idea of the intense nervous strain that is entailed in their production. To hold the dream-figures that he has in his mind until he is able to realise them on canvas is a tax on the artist's energy that to some extent explains the comparatively small amount of his production. He has always adhered to the principle that a man must put his utmost into his work, and, having throughout his career followed a well-determined course, knowing what he wanted to do, and never resting till he had succeeded to the best of his ability, he has met with a rare reward and widespread appreciation.

In fact, Mr. Stone has never known what it is to be unsuccessful.

## HE HAS SOLD EVERY PICTURE

that he ever painted, and it is doubtful whether any other artist can say as much. He was making a large income when he was a young man of five-and-twenty, so much so that he was able at about that period to build the beautiful house that he still occupies in Melbury Road. He started life with nothing but a load of debt, and is now one of the leading members of the Royal Academy and the possessor of a fortune that places him beyond the necessity of work. It might be thought that such an uninterrupted succession of victories, all gained by his own efforts and without the aid of influence or friends, would have given him the fullest confidence in his powers. Yet, strange as it may seem, his acquaintances are aware that self-confidence is the very quality that he lacks. He never paints a picture without the most painful anxiety lest it should turn out a failure, and even now, when he has only lately done some of his best work, he cannot rid himself of the apprehension that he may be approaching the time when his powers will fail.

From this it may be gathered that Mr. Stone is of an exceedingly high-strung and nervous temperament. As a companion no one could be more delightful.

## HE IS FULL OF ANECDOTE OF DICKENS AND THACKERAY

and other brilliant men, artists and writers, of their period. He has vivacious spirits, a highly sympathetic manner, and interests that cover a wide field of literature, art, and humanity. Despite his modesty, his love of his profession is so intense that he cannot get away from it, and, with this happy circumstance in view, the public may rest in confident anticipation that for many years to come they will be provided with opportunities of admiring examples of that charming and individual style which unmistakably distinguishes a picture by the artist as "a Marcus Stone."

“THE SKETCH” SELECTION FROM THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES.



MRS. MARSHALL BROOK.—LUKE FILDES, R.A.





"THE GENTLE STREAMLET, WILLOW WOODED."—DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.



EVENING SHADOWS.—THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, R.A. (BORN SEPT. 26, 1803.)



"GOOD-BYE!" OFF TO SKIBBEREEN.--STANHOPE A. FORBES; A.R.A.





VENUS AND TANNHÄUSER.—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER,



HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS.—FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.





MARCUS STONE, R.A.,  
THE FAMOUS PAINTER OF GARDEN LOVE-SCENES, IN HIS STUDIO.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.



SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER,  
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, IN HIS STUDIO.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.





THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.—MRS. NORMAND (HENRIETTA RAE).



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK.—THE HON. JOHN COLLIER.





THE "VICTORY" OFF WALMER CASTLE, 1805, AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



FISHING.—H. S. TUKE, A.R.A.



THE LOVE-LETTER.—G. A. STOREY, A.R.A





WAITING FOR A BITE.—J. L. WIMBUSH.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## IN HARLEY STREET.

BY WADHAM PEACOCK.

SCENE: *The Waiting-Room at a Medical Specialist's.*CHARACTERS: *The MAJOR-GENERAL; the WIDOW.*

[Enter the MAJOR-GENERAL, C.]

GENERAL (*speaking off*). Say Major-General, not General! Major-General! (*Comes down.*) Confound these fellows! I have to pay my tradesmen half as much again for being a Major-General as I had when I was a Colonel. There's a regular graduated tax in London for old soldiers. Colonel so much; Major-General so much more. Confound 'em! And half of 'em don't know the difference between a General and a Major-General, and want to charge me as if I were a Field-Marshal. Thank the Lord, I'm the only one here, except the victim in the torture-chamber, so perhaps I shan't be kept waiting more than a couple of hours. Humph! Weekly papers! Illustrated papers! I used to read 'em when I was in India, but, since I've retired and this confounded fellow has been tinkering at my liver, I hate the sight of 'em. How can a man enjoy the papers at his Club when they remind him of the doctor's waiting-room? I'll enter a protest against the custom. (*Collects the illustrated papers and sits on them.*) Now then, where's the *Lancet*? Something cheerful about sawing off other fellows' legs will suit me, a sort of sherry-and-bitters before the feast that's to come. Here we are! (*Voices heard without.*) Lord love us, here's a woman! They're always rushing off to the doctor, though what on earth they ever have the matter with them that couldn't be cured with a bread pill beats me. But I suppose the doctors must live.

[The WIDOW is shown in c.]

WIDOW (*sitting L.*). What a nuisance! One of those horrid old retired Generals, I suppose. Now I shall be kept waiting for hours while he dilates on his imaginary ailments. What can a rough, strong man have the matter with him? Liver, of course! That's overeating and too many whiskey pegs. Men are so greedy! Well, I suppose I must resign myself to looking at the illustrated papers, as usual. Strange, I don't see any of them! I'm afraid to ring and ask that pompous butler; he might be reading them in the pantry. I'll ask the liverish old gentleman; perhaps he's seen them. (*Coughs.*) Ahem! I beg your pardon!

GENERAL. I beg yours, Ma'am! (*Aside.*) Now what does she want with me? A widow evidently. No use trying it on with an old dog-fox like me. Seen too much of 'em in India.

WIDOW. I'm sorry to interrupt you, but have you seen the illustrated papers?

GENERAL. No, Ma'am, I haven't, and I don't mean to. If you read 'em here, how can you enjoy 'em at the Club?

WIDOW. But I haven't got a Club, and I want to read them here, as I shall have hours to wait—(*aside*) thanks to you. (*Looks about.*) Why, he's sitting on them, the old wretch! But I'll have them out if I die for it. (*Aloud.*) I'm sorry to disturb you, but I think the papers are behind your chair.

GENERAL. Behind my chair? Confound the woman! Impossible, Ma'am! Why, so they are!

WIDOW. Perhaps the butler put them there.

GENERAL. The butler! No, Ma'am! No butler would dare to take such a liberty. (*Rises.*)

WIDOW. Doctors' butlers are capable of anything. Thank you, if you will let me have them.

GENERAL (*still holding them*). Madam, let me advise you. I have had plenty of experience. Don't look at these papers. I don't know what is the matter with you, whether you are going to be trepanned like a poor fellow I have been reading of in the *Lancet*, or have a leg off, or an eye out; but, whatever it is, don't read 'em. They will always bring back the remembrance; you will always feel as if your leg were coming off again; they will always taste of the surgery. I can hardly look at 'em now—they remind me of my liver. Take an old—a middle-aged man's advice, and don't read 'em. Sit on 'em!

WIDOW (*aside*). Oh, that's how they came on his chair! (*Aloud.*) But I'm not going to have anything out or off, and I need soothing. (*Takes papers.*) Thank you very much!

GENERAL. Well, if you will read 'em, of course you must. But I've warned you. (*Sits.*)

WIDOW (*after a pause*). I'm sorry to interrupt you again, but your voice and manner seem strangely familiar to me.

GENERAL. No, Ma'am, they're not! Impossible—quite impossible! I've been in India and the Soudan for thirty years, on and off. Impossible! Confound the woman!

WIDOW. Why impossible? I was born in India.

GENERAL. God bless my soul! Ah! but you had to leave it at a very early age. Children of your generation were always sent home to school. (*Aside.*) And a great relief it was!

WIDOW (*aside*). My generation? What does he mean by my generation?

GENERAL. And I didn't go out until I joined the Service.

WIDOW. Ah! then we must have arrived in India about the same time.

GENERAL. Yes, but not by the same route, Ma'am.

WIDOW. But it was in England that I knew you. Don't you remember Wilsford, Captain—?

GENERAL. Major-General, Ma'am—Major-General retired! Yes, I do remember Wilsford, but ages ago—ages ago.

WIDOW. You were at home on sick-leave, and we played croquet.

GENERAL. Croquet! I? Never! Croquet!

WIDOW. Indeed you did! and, when I was croqueted into the bushes, you used to help me out.

GENERAL. God bless my soul! Why, you're never little Mary?

WIDOW. Yes, I am—little Mary.

GENERAL. But you're—grown.

WIDOW. People do grow in thirty years, General.

GENERAL. Major-General! So you are little Mary? Well, well! I've forgotten what your other name was.

WIDOW. It does not matter. I have changed it since those days.

GENERAL. You're married?

WIDOW. I have been.

GENERAL (*aside*). I was right, then. I thought so. She is a widow.

WIDOW. And you are much older than you were.

GENERAL. Not a bit! All our family turn grey young. Thirty



"THIS WAY!"

FROM MR. ARTHUR J. ELSLEY'S ROYAL ACADEMY PAINTING.

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years ago, thirty years ago! Perhaps you're right. Why, I must be getting a battered old thing. I've had fever and ague, sword-wounds from the Afghans, and bullet-wounds from the Dervishes. I've got a slug about me now.

WIDOW (*starting*). Good heavens! The horrid creature! How can you touch such a horrid, slimy thing? Don't let it loose, General!

GENERAL. Major-General! Is she mad? I wish I could get at it. A man doesn't carry a bullet in his body if he can get rid of it.

WIDOW. A bullet? I thought you said a slug!

GENERAL. So I did. They're the same thing, aren't they? She's mad!

WIDOW. I'm so glad it's only a bullet! I thought it was a slug, and I never could bear snakes: they get on my nerves so.

GENERAL (*aside*). Snakes? Get on her nerves? She's not mad. She's a dipsomaniac, and old Thingamajig is treating her for it. And little Mary has come to this. A dipsomaniac!

WIDOW. My nerves are so shattered!

GENERAL. They call it nerves, do they?

WIDOW. And the doctor is so clever with nerves.

GENERAL. I dare say! He tells you what to avoid?

WIDOW. Yes. One or two things.

GENERAL. Of course! (*Aside*.) Nips between meals. Well, she doesn't mind acknowledging it. But fancy little Mary ending as a dipsomaniac!

WIDOW. And you, are you also a patient?

GENERAL. Yes, but not for the same complaint.

WIDOW. No, of course not! Men never suffer from nerves.

GENERAL. Don't they? I've known one or two. But, then, it's called by another name when men suffer from it.

WIDOW. Ah, I suppose so! It isn't your complaint?

GENERAL. Good Lord, no! I have a touch of liver.

WIDOW. Ah, you want to be taken care of! You ought to have married, General.

GENERAL. Major-General! Not I, Ma'am! Bad thing to marry too young. Nothing ages a man so much.

WIDOW. But a lonely old man is a very sad thing, don't you think?

GENERAL. Perhaps; perhaps; but not so bad as a hen-pecked old man. A man should never marry until he's come to years of discretion. (*Pause*.) Do you know, I've a sort of recollection—weren't we—a—um—engaged in a sort of a kind of a way?

WIDOW. In the usual way, I believe. You surely hadn't forgotten that?

GENERAL. Of course not! But thirty years is a long time ago.

WIDOW. I believe you had forgotten little Mary!

GENERAL. But you married someone else. I couldn't be expected to remember a girl who married someone else. There are so many girls who do that.

WIDOW. But I didn't want to marry anybody else.

GENERAL. Now, if little Mary had only waited, who knows?

WIDOW. Little Marys can't wait for ever.

GENERAL. They say patience is a virtue.

WIDOW. Yes, and virtue is its own reward. A nice sort of reward to be an old maid all one's days.

GENERAL. Well, well! You recommended marriage for my liver. What does the doctor recommend for your nerves?

WIDOW. Oh, the wretch! He has cut me off afternoon-tea, which I love, and ordered me whisky-and-soda, which I hate. He says tea has ruined my nerves.

GENERAL. Then she isn't a dipsomaniac, after all! (*Aloud*.) He does not recommend marriage to you, then?

WIDOW. No, not in so many words.

GENERAL. That's a pity! Well, I shall think over what you've said.

WIDOW. Yes, do!

GENERAL. Thirty years ago! I thought of marriage then, when I was only a Captain and could not afford it; and, now that I'm a Major-General retired on half-pay, I suppose marriage will not think of me. I had forgotten all about it until I met you again.

WIDOW. It's never too late to mend, General.

GENERAL. Major-General! Well, I might mend even now, but only on one condition.

WIDOW. Really? What is that?

GENERAL. That you find me another little Mary.

WIDOW. I don't know. I'll see.

GENERAL. Instead of the one who would not wait.

WIDOW. Perhaps.

GENERAL. The little Mary of thirty years ago would not wait. But I have waited. Ask her if she will come back.

WIDOW. Oh, General!

GENERAL. Major-General!

WIDOW. She will; I'm sure she will—if you ask her.

GENERAL. Then I do ask her. Come, Mary! (*They embrace*.)

WIDOW. And what about the doctor?

GENERAL. We'll be our own doctors for the future.

WIDOW. And the butler, how shall we pass him?

GENERAL. I've got my fee here in paper. I'll slip it into his hand as we pass. That'll choke him off. Come, Mary, let us go before the patient is released and I am summoned. (*Picking up hat and stick*.)

WIDOW. But your liver?

GENERAL. Oh, I haven't time to think of that! And your nerves?

WIDOW. I've forgotten all about them.

GENERAL. Ah, Mary, we will forget the years that have passed! And that will be one of the greatest miracles ever wrought in Harley Street.

## PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY IN LONDON.

BY AN ADMIRER.

IF Cleopatra had wearied of the Realm of Shades and returned to mundane existence, she could not have wished a more perfect mortal temple for her material dwelling-place than in the person of the former Princesse de Chimay, who has for some years inhabited the country of the dusky enchantress. In outward appearance this modern Cleopatra is the direct opposite of her renowned predecessor. Masses of blonde hair fall with bewitching carelessness about a brow of shining whiteness; her lips a veritable Cupid's bow; shell-like ears, decked with Oriental gems of rare design; and, as a *tour de force*, the mellowest of brown eyes—"There's a picture for you!"



THE PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY  
IN BEDOUIN HEAD-DRRESS.

Such is the Princesse de Chimay in repose. Add to this the voluptuous, undulating motion of her walk, and one fancies it must have been some creation like this that was in the poet's mind when he sang, "The women forgave her, all but her beauty." After four years' existence on the Nile, she has returned to London *incognito*—except to a favoured few—and rests exempt from social obligations and Society's innuendoes.

The Princess is an intelligent woman, and has a unique way of expressing her ideas. She has discarded the time-honoured theory that "All the world's a stage," and calls it a "Ball en Masque." It is now about five years since the Princesse de Chimay produced a social earthquake by leaving her home and husband, the Prince de Chimay, and taking flight in company

WITH THE HUNGARIAN VIOLINIST, RIGO.

The history of this elopement has been laid bare by the Press, and the facts so distorted by sensationalists that the Princess had difficulty in recognising any of the matter as belonging to herself except the name, which in most cases was printed correctly. Many are the rôles in the drama of Life that have been enacted by Clara Warde. A rich American heiress and a noted beauty, she was sent to school in Paris. It was not likely that such a prize would remain long unclaimed among Continental nobility, and at the early age of sixteen Clara Warde

BECAME THE PRINCESSE DE CHIMAY.

The Prince was cold, and, though it was said that he was never beloved by the American Princess, I have it from her own lips that she loved him dearly, but that "he was cold, so cold!" She speaks with the greatest respect of his admirable qualities, and with deep regret of the scandal which her conduct brought upon his name. She is not at all the vulgar, heartless woman that "yellow journalism" has painted her. As a child, flattered and courted for her wealth and position as well as personal charm, delving into the swiftest swirl of Society in a dozen Capitals, the wife of a distinguished Prince, Maid of Honour at the Belgian Court, eight times a mother, a divorcée—and still under thirty years of age: here is a remarkable record. In the course of an interview,

THE PRINCESS SAID—

"I am going to tell you something the world has never known. I did not leave my home for the sake of a caprice, but because I had lost my position and was too proud to remain anywhere under sufferance."

"But how had you lost your position?"

"Of course, you know the story of the Belgian Court. No? I thought everyone knew it. The King had shown me such marked favouritism that the jealousy and hatred of the entire Court had been aroused against me. At the celebrated Garden Party, when I entered, all the ladies turned their backs on me, and only one man had the courage to extend his hand in friendship. What I suffered in that moment of insulted pride no one can ever know. Then I broke the strictest law of Court, that no one may leave the assembly until the Queen has left. I insisted on calling my carriage, and left, thereby banishing myself from Court for ever. I must tell you that the Queen on this occasion was most sweet and kind to me, and, coming to me in a friendly way, said she knew it was not my fault. In the fulness of her courtesy, she invited me once again, but, of course, it was understood that I should not accept."

"Oh, yes! I regret my children, so clever and attractive, and I have the right to see them once a month; but, like the true mother of Solomon's judgment, I love them too much to cause them suffering from my lost position."

One question was launched: How could the Princess so forget her womanhood as to pose for the pictures which at one time flooded Paris, but which were suppressed by the police? Her eyes filled with tears as she replied—

"Ah! that was a wicked act of revenge on my part which I would give half my life to undo. But perhaps it would interest you to know that some four thousand of those photographs were sold in England, more than in any other country. Many photographs, and very vulgar ones, have been exhibited under my name which were not of me at all."

It is probable that a long vista of years is yet in store for the Princesse de Chimay. As one contemplates the chequered career, involuntarily the words become half-audible, "Quo Vadis?"—L. G.

## MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

## THE PAST DRAMATIC WEEK.

**T**WO Henley-Stevenson plays, a clever farce by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and a very amusing light comedy by "Dagonet" Sims and Leonard Merrick, make a good record for the past week.

## "BEAU AUSTIN,"

of course, is an old friend, and many have agreeable remembrance of its hardly triumphant run at the Haymarket about ten years ago, and of Mr. Tree's admirable acting as the Beau. The ten years have added finish to his work, which on Thursday last was quite brilliant. "Macaire," the other play by the two litterateur-dramatists, was a charming novelty, and so full of humour and also vivid horror in the last moments that we hope to see it again, and with Mr. Tree and Mr. James Welch in the chief parts. For the

## MACAIRE OF MR. TREE

was marvellous in its lurid humour and vigorous painting of fantastic character—one wonders whether Lemaitre can have played it better; and the dupe-accomplice of Mr. Welch was perhaps equally fine, if less surprising.

## "A WOMAN IN THE CASE,"

at the Court, with its clever tale of an innocent escapade and the dread of dire consequences, is remarkably dexterous, and shows the skill of

treatment of them. Mr. Grossmith's study of Crosbie, the gentleman's gentleman, is quite masterly as a piece of writing and acting, and the scene in which he pretends to be master and bullies his employer, if not novel, is exceedingly ingenious. Taking it as a whole, the farce is entertaining, and some of the comic business is fresh and diverting. Miss May Palfrey acted effectively, and there were several other performances of merit, if not remarkable.

## THE LONDON MUSICAL FESTIVAL

is going briskly. On the first night, Signor Busoni, the brilliant Italian pianist, created a sensation by his remarkable playing of Liszt's Concerto in E-flat. M. Colonne seems to have quite equalled the expectations of London amateurs, who greatly admired his conducting of a Beethoven Symphony.

## A NEW FRENCH OPERA,

composed by M. Bruneau to the libretto of M. Zola, has just made a great impression in Paris. I never should have credited M. Zola with being a good operatic librettist if I had not heard his "Le Rêve," at Covent Garden, and discovered that the Parisian realist can, when he pleases, be a true poet. M. Bruneau may be called a "French Wagner," as he adopts theories similar to those of the composer of "The Nibelungen Ring." M. Bruneau has remarkable skill in keeping up a continuous stream of graceful melody. He is also a thorough master of choral and orchestral effects, as his Requiem, performed some time since in London,



MR. FRED KERR, WHO PLAYS REGGY FAIRBAIRN, AND MISS MABEL TERRY-LEWIS, WHO PLAYS BELLE, IN THE AMUSING NEW COMEDY OF "A WOMAN IN THE CASE," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

From Photographs by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Sims and Mr. Merrick in a high degree. The authors are of sufficient experience to know that a few strokes of the blue pencil are needed in each Act, and, after they have been given, the witty, lively play should become a great favourite, and draw everyone to laugh at Mr. Kerr's comic efforts to get the cigar-case containing a portrait of his wife and to find out exactly how far she compromised herself in her little ante-nuptial, early-morning visit to the rooms of his friend Jack. Even if the company is not quite brilliant throughout, there is some remarkably good acting. Mr. Kerr is exactly the actor for the part of the reasonably jealous husband, and his laughter-on-the-wrong-side-of-his-face, as the children say, is vastly funny, whilst Miss Gertrude Kingston played the foolish, good-hearted wife admirably. A charming performance in excellent style was given by Miss Esmé Beringer, and Miss Terry-Lewis acted agreeably. The new piece is really one of the best of its kind seen for a long time, and very well deserves a visit.

## "THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY."

Mr. Grossmith's farce seems likely to prove successful, and certainly it is clever, if not exactly pleasing. Indeed, it is so ugly in essence that one feels it should hardly be treated as farce, and *The Sketch*, which does not like serious studies, such as in "The Jensen Family," of the ladies it prefers not to name, has no pleasure in comical

sufficiently proves. His "L'Attaque du Moulin," produced at Covent Garden, was most favourably received.

## HERR KUBELIK,

whose wonderful playing as a violinist of the Paganini school had already astounded musical London, is again visiting us, and is attracting much attention. It was supposed that the Paganini method was out-of-date; but musical amateurs enjoy being astonished, and Kubelik has the power to astonish his auditors to an extraordinary degree.

## THE CHANGE IN THE CRITERION BILL

takes place on May 14, I hear from Mr. E. Harvey. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, with Mr. Eric Lewis and Mr. H. B. Warner, will not appear now in the one-act play of "Monsieur de Paris," by Alicia Ramsey and Rudolph de Cordova; but Mr. Arthur Bouchier will reappear in his most effective part, that of James Blagden in R. C. Carton's capital comedy of "Wheels Within Wheels," in which Miss Compton and Mr. Dion Boucicault will resume their original parts of the Hon. Mrs. Onslow Bulwer and Lord Eric Chantrell, whilst Miss Alice de Winton will be the Lady Curtoys.

## "LE ROI DE PARIS."

The new piece at the Paris Opera, "Le Roi de Paris" (writes my representative in Gay Lutetia), was barely listened to with patience. It



was dull and complicated. Huë is a young man, and he would be very silly to be disheartened, and should profit by the well-assorted praise and serious criticism that he has received. For the moment, it must be admitted that in its sterner mood music is not advancing in France; but,



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH (AUTHOR-MANAGER),  
WHO PLAYS MR. CROSBIE IN "THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY," AT THE  
AVENUE THEATRE.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Watery, Baker Street, W.

as a compensation, the lighter waltz-music that rings out from the open-air concerts in the Champs-Élysées is more haunting than ever.

#### THEATRE PARTIES ARE MORE GENERAL

than ever in London, I hear, since Society has been deprived by Court Mourning of its usual round of festivities. I am glad to



MISS MAY PALFREY (MRS. WEEDON GROSSMITH),  
WHO PLAYS LADY HAMPSHIRE IN "THE NIGHT OF THE PARTY," AT  
THE AVENUE THEATRE.

hear this. Managers suffered considerably during the month or two that followed the death of Her late Majesty. Their coffers need to be replenished.

#### "LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR."

The Musical Section of the Cowper Street Old Boys' Club gave two well-attended performances of Offenbach's tuneful opera, "La Fille du Tambour-Major," in the hall of the School in the month of April. Mr. Cyril S. Archer, the stage-manager, may be heartily congratulated on his success in training the chorus and in staging the piece generally. The scenery was well contrived, and the Fancy-Dress Ball and Vocal Waltz in Act II. and the Tarantelle in Act III. would not have discredited an actual theatre. Miss May Furniss, as Stella (in the title-rôle), sang extremely well, and Miss Violet Willis proved a vivacious and attractive vivandière. Mr. John Taylor acted in manly fashion as the Drum-Major, and Mr. Herbert Linscott—a tenor of exceptional compass and timbre—was a tuneful and romantic Captain Robert. The lighter side of the opera was well sustained by Mr. Strickland (an eccentric Duc della Volta) and Mr. T. V. Bradshaw, who was very humorous as the effeminate and affected Marquis Bambini, the rejected suitor of Stella. A large orchestra, conducted by Herr Gustav Stephan, the Musical Director of the Club, adequately accompanied the opera throughout.

#### VAUDEVILLE ENTERTAINMENT AT BALHAM.

It was an enthusiastic audience that occupied the Assembly Hall at Balham on Monday evening of last week, on the occasion of a dramatic and musical entertainment given under the direction of Mr. Brett Plummer. Chief among the items was a comedieta written by Mr. Plummer, entitled "Cupid in Mischief," and a farcical sketch, "Micawber at Home," adapted from Dickens's "David Copperfield," while single turns included a piano-solo by Madame Emily Tate, of the Imperial Conservatoire, St. Petersburg, and conjuring tricks, &c., by



GROUP FROM "LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR-MAJOR,"  
AS PERFORMED BY THE MUSICAL SECTION OF THE COWPER STREET OLD BOYS' CLUB  
IN THE HALL OF THE SCHOOL.

Mr. F. Kennard. It was satisfactory to learn that the Voluntary Schools at Nightingale Square, upon whose behalf the entertainment was organised, profited to a very appreciable extent.

#### MISS IRENE VANBRUGH,

fresh from her triumphs with Mr. John Hare in the States, was the admired of all admirers in the stalls of the Court Theatre at the *première* of "A Woman in the Case." Another notable lady was Mrs. Lewis, the mother of that charmingly natural ingénue, Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis—the Kate Terry who bewitched playgoers now middle-aged as the graceful héroïne Fechter made love to with a fervour which would put to shame modern stage wooers.

#### MISS PHYLLIS RANKIN,

the dainty Fifi portrayed afresh a week or two ago in *The Sketch*, appeared in the part of a bride last Thursday, when she was married at the Strand Registry Office to the lively comedian, Mr. Harry Davenport, formerly of "The Belle of New York," now one of the admirers of "The Girl from Up There," at the Duke of York's. Bless ye, my children!

#### MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

reappears with Mr. Martin Harvey in a revival of "Pellican and Melisande," at the Royalty, next Saturday afternoon, the first of a series of matinées.

#### MRS. SARAH GRAND

is to lecture at St. George's Hall on May 21—subject, "Mere Man." I t-r-r-remble!

#### THE STROLLING PLAYERS

may count upon a very fashionable audience at St. George's Hall on the evening of May 20, when they are, under distinguished patronage, to perform "The Parvenu" for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Tickets may be had of the Committee or of the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. T. A. Bullock, 449, Strand.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

To Catch the "Scorcher"—Rides with an Object—Wild-Flower Gathering—Cycling Yarns—A Good Map—Hints to Ladies—The Standardisation of Parts.

Time to light up: Wednesday, May 8, 8.30; Thursday, 8.31; Friday, 8.33; Saturday, 8.35; Sunday, 8.37; Monday, 8.39; Tuesday, 8.40.

The scorching fraternity in London had better avoid Regent's Park. There have been complaints recently that these gentlemen in their whirling speed have become a nuisance in that particular neighbourhood. Accordingly, several kiosks have been erected, and policemen are to be stationed in them. When a rider scorches past one of these kiosks, Mr. Policeman will telephone on to the next kiosk, and there arrangements will be made to receive the cycle-flier. I quite expect an outburst of indignation at this insult to cyclists generally, and I am buying a pennyworth of cotton-wool to stick in my ears and so avoid hearing the customary cheap jokes about policemen. I don't like to be treated as one of a suspected class, but I have been a wheelman sufficiently long to learn that the greatest enemy the cyclist has is not the bicycle-hating old fogey, but the cyclist. The average cyclist is the best of good fellows. Yet, there is the objectionable, raucous-throated cad, and, as he makes so much noise, many of the public think we are all of that type. Heaven forbid! I would rather the kiosks were not used by constables lying in wait for the cyclist; but I'm not going to protest any more than I'm going to protest against the law which imprisons for forgery.

As each summer comes round, I try to persuade my cycling friends to undertake what are known as "rides with an object." This savours, I know, a little of the Young Men's Improvement Association, and is inclined to make the average cyclist shy. The average cyclist, like every Britisher, is determined he will not have his mind improved. Putting that aside, however, and regarding "rides with an object" from a mere pleasure standpoint, there is much to be said for them. A jaunt into the country, dawdling through leafy lanes without any definite aim except having a ride, is enjoyable. But even this may get a little bit wearisome. On the other hand, if you set out to see some particular spot—it may be a picturesque village, it may be a quaint old church, or an inn with old panelling and an old-fashioned fireplace, or anything else—the mere fact provides a distraction to the mind exceedingly valuable to the man who at other times has his whole life absorbed by business.

One of the most delightful excursions is for a little party to be got together, ladies and gentlemen, for them to ride to some sylvan corner, there lean the machines against fences or trees, and then start on a wild-flower gathering expedition. I am no botanist, and cannot tell a dandelion from a marigold; but I recollect spending many a happy hour wandering along hedge-sides and ferreting in ditch-bottoms looking for unusual blossoms. It is really wonderful what a variety of wild-flowers we have growing in our sweet English hedgerows. The search for them brings delight, and the next morning, when you have to set off to the big City to business, it is a delight to pick a hedge-flower from your bunch and carry it with you to your office.

I wish someone would make a book of cycling stories. They would put all fishing yarns to the blush. It must be the fresh air that invigorates the cyclist's imagination. I like cycling stories, not because they must necessarily be true, but because they are usually good. The last one I have come across I give exactly as it is told, without any personal guarantee as to its accuracy. A novice in the art of free-wheeling was cycling down a hill, when his machine ran away with him, and he had to steer between two vehicles which were coming up the hill. Just as he was going through the imminent deadly breach (at thirty miles per hour), a large retriever-dog bundled directly into the path of the rider. He shut his eyes, clenched his teeth, and waited, but in the next second found that the concussion with the canine had thrown his machine completely round, and that he was pedalling quietly at the tail-board of one of the vehicles he had just passed, going uphill instead of down!

It is not often one can get a good linen-backed map for a shilling. One of the best I know, though the scale is five miles to the inch, which is rather small, is the Hovis Cycle Road-map. It is a map of England, divided into eight sections, and the one before me as I write, that dealing with the South-Eastern section, with London as a centre, is well printed; the main-roads are clearly marked, and under each of the towns is given the distance from London. Further, there are dagger indications of the hills to be ridden with caution and those that are absolutely dangerous. Parks and woods are all marked green, so that at a glance one can tell where really beautiful scenery lies. The map is one of the best shilling's-worth I know.

May I give a hint or two to ladies, who, with the coming of sunshine, once more take to wheeling? Few things are prettier than a girl able to ride her bicycle neatly, and few things are so ludicrous as a woman waddling along like a lame duck on a machine that does not suit her. High-framed machines show a girl's figure to advantage. And, by high frames, I do not mean there should be an over-stretch between the saddle and the pedal, which, of course, is injurious.

My cycling readers will, I know, be interested in the accompanying wheel-portrait of Sir James Linton, P.R.I., one of England's best painters. I am glad to find that Sir James does not confine his affection to his art, but is also interested in the Common-weal.

Again there is some talk of the standardisation of parts. It is certainly vexing, if a little party of three or so are out for a ride and one of the machines happens to go wrong, say, by the losing of a nut, and the other cyclists, though possibly having nuts which would be serviceable for their own machines, find they are absolutely no good for the one that needs repairing.

A Committee has been appointed, and it is sincerely to be hoped they will arrive at some arrangement whereby all minor parts on all machines will be similar, so that friend can help friend, and a man pulling up for a repair at some wayside town will find the local repairer has in stock exactly what is required, and not—as has been my experience more than once—parts that will mend every machine on earth but the one I happen to be riding. This is a point of considerable importance to tourists.

J. F. F.



SIR JAMES LINTON, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

I don't think I ever saw such an easy win in a classic race, as that of Handicapper for the Two Thousand Guineas. The colt simply ran like



SIR E. CASSEL'S BROWN COLT HANDICAPPER (BY MATCHMAKER—AGNES OSBORNE), WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

Beating Doricles by two lengths; Oshock third.

a thorough stayer, and he smothered the opposition. True, Halsey, who is a masterly jockey, took advantage of the pace to get to the front and keep there, thereby chopping some of the palpable non-stayers, but the result proved that either Handicapper is a smasher or the rest of the runners are only sprinters. I did not like the appearance of Doricles, but he runs well, and may do better over the Epsom course. Veles was not wound up on the Guineas Day, neither was Lord Bobs, but the latter can hardly be made good enough to win at Epsom. I fancy the winner of the Derby will spring from those horses engaged that did not run at Newmarket, and it may be that we shall have to look elsewhere for the winner. Floriform and Revenue are doing good work, and I shall carefully watch the doings of these colts in their work during the next few days, with a view to judging what chance they are likely to have.

**Futures.** The race for the Chester Cup will be a good one, and the meeting, as usual, should be an unqualified success, thanks to the enterprise displayed in its management by Mr. R. K. Mainwaring. The Cup should bring out some real good stayers, but I think it will be won either by Evasit or La Roche. The last-named is a splendid mare, and she is said to be very fit. On the last day of the week there should be a leviathan crowd at Kempton Park to see the race for the Jubilee Stakes. The course is in capital order, and owners will not hesitate to run their horses. The Epsom people consider the race to be a gift for The Grafters, but I do not think he can act over this course. It is certain Australian Star could not. Merry Methodist has a big chance on his form over the course last year, and Alvescot, who ran third to Australian Star in the City and Suburban, must go close. Indeed, if the latter gives his best running, he must as nearly as possible win, but to do so he will have to get off well and to stay in front the whole of the distance. But I do not think it will prove to be a one-horse race by any means, and there are a dozen left in that could be backed.

**Tipsters.** It is marvellous how successful all the advertising tipsters are—on paper. To read their announcements, one would think that they were rolling in riches; but this is not the case. The

fact of the matter is, the public prefer to select their own winners, and little punters do very well at the game. The funniest incident in connection with tipping happened a few days since. A firm of advertisers sent out in their final wires a so-called "pinch" for a race in the North of England. The good thing ran well, but he was beaten by an animal hailing from the tipsters' own stable. I mention this fact only to show that nothing is impossible in racing. Of course, had the "firm" thought for a moment that their own horse was good enough to win, they would have sent him out to their numerous clients. Of that I am fully convinced. It is galling to see one's good thing knocked over by an animal one is supposed to know all about. Yet this often happens on the course, and, as the late Colonel North said at one time, "I don't want to know which of mine could win. What I want is to be told of the one that has no chance."

**Railway Crowding.** It is necessary to give a note of warning about the overcrowding of railway-carriages. It seems there is a limit to the power of resistance of the springs to the carriages, and I am told that of the rolling-stock used to carry a big crowd to and from a recent big event that took place in the Metropolitan District no fewer than sixty-seven carriages were more or less damaged. This is a serious item to the railway companies, but I contend that it is much more serious to the travelling public, who, after all, have risks to take. I contend that steps should be taken by all the railway companies to prevent their trains from becoming overcrowded.

**Fine Finishes.** I am very glad to see that jockeys, as a rule, avoid, so far as is possible, cutting the races too fine. The late Fred Archer, so his brother Charley says, never won a race and lost it again. I wonder how many of the present-day jockeys could say the same. The late George Fordham always made a point of riding at full racing pace until he had gone quite five yards beyond the winning-post,



GOLF IN SCOTLAND: FINAL ROUND (APRIL 27), ST. MATTHEW'S v. PLEWLANDS, FOR "THE EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH" CHALLENGE TROPHY, ON THE BRAID HILLS COURSE.

Won in splendid style by St. Matthew's, the Trophy was handed to the Rev. D. Campbell, as President of the Club. Photo by Patrick, Edinburgh.

so that there should be no room for doubt. Until the American jockeys came to this country, it was no uncommon thing to see some of our flash jockeys lose races by short-heads that could easily have been won by lengths. Owners and backers do not like to see close finishes. They prefer the verdict to be put beyond all doubt.

**Wasting.** Lester Reiff told me the other day that he did not like wasting in the cold, damp weather to be met with in the spring in England. Wasting, it seems, generates a deep thirst, and the man who takes off flesh wants to be drinking all the time. Lemon-water, I believe, is the recognised thirst-quencher under the circumstances, as milk is found to be too fattening. Of aperients, Epsom-salts is the most disliked by the American jockeys.

**The Starting-Gate.** As one of the original agitators in favour of the starting-gate, and as one who had the courage to stick to his guns when many of the old fossils with authority tried to kill the new-fangled notion at its inception, I take this opportunity of pointing with pride to the good the gate has done to the sport already. We no longer find racing half-an-hour late, whatever the size of the fields may be, and the starts for the two- and three-year-old races are, as a rule, simply perfect. Even the railway companies have to pull themselves together and arrange to have the return-trains ready sharp to time. The gate enterprise has woke up racegoers all round, and it has smartened up the officials to an extent that could never have been contemplated a decade back. Next year the gate will be used for all races, after which everything in the starting line should go without a single hitch. The jockeys who won their races on the start now have to do their smart riding at the finish if possible. CAPTAIN COE.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WITH the soft spring days and the rising sap in fruit-tree and merely human veins alike, a well-defined desire becomes noticeably apparent in the bosom of the Eternal Feminine for those fascinating Season accessories known as new clothes. For, to be well dressed, or to appear so to oneself, is still one of the chiefest joys to



[Copyright.]

A MAY DRESS FOR THE RIVER OF MAUVE LINEN AND WHITE.

poor frivolling femininity—a joy that mercifully lasts, moreover, even when better things have left her, and the earth, perhaps, lies lightly over all she once held dear. It is a good thing, though, this power of forgetting. And we are not to scoff because fifty-five dyes its grey hair gold, paints its wrinkled cheeks, and so seeks respite in self-delusion that it again looks like five-and-twenty. And why should not the “joy of life” be prolonged to the end of the tether?

Of course, it would be wiser, look you, if the passage of our allotted fifty or sixty years brought such soothing reflections of this world's limitations and the next world's consolations as to render us callous to vain externals when callow youth has passed. But, if one's natural attitude of mind be not that of the deeply thinking, or—shall I say?—the cloisteral order, then such evanescent vanities of the summer afternoon as new gowns, millinery, jewellery, or what besides, will continue to absorb and distract the female fancy as long as Eve's daughters walk this little earth for their passing hour. I am told by mode-makers of knowledge and reputation that we shall be more trailing, more embroidered, and more chiffonous—to coin a word—than ever this coming summer. Skilled labour on one hand, extravagant tastes with increased possibilities of indulging them on the other, open up a vista of millinery visions beside which the splendour of the old Byzantines might pale their pagan fires.

Talking, by the way, of jewellery and Byzantium reminds one that an interesting departure has been lately made in the world of art, or that part of it which relates to working in gold and precious gems, by the new movement, which originated in France and has been amply aided here by such really artistic abettors as Mrs. Nelson Dawson, Mr. Alexander Fisher, and Mr. H. Wilson. Recognising, as did the cunning artificers of old, that the highest achievement of the lapidary should not lie in merely producing one inharmonious mass of glitter, these craftsmen in the best sense of the word have learned to execute exquisite effects from the blending of differently coloured metals, as well as by employing the luminous aid of fine enamels, which, when intermixed with jewels and designed with intelligence and artistic feeling, unite in creating effects before which modern shop jewellery must inevitably hide its unbeautiful and vulgar display. Personal pride of workmanship in those crafts which deal with fine metals and precious stones seems at last to have awakened, in a word, and we may now look forward to wearing jewels which shall be freed from mere traditions of the shop, and shall exploit the taste and artistic instinct of its individual maker.

We shall be no more content, perhaps, under these artistic counsels, to wear a ring or a brooch which is one of a gross of other anonymous objects, for, as someone in most apropos arguments advanced the other day, if the discrimination of separate artists is recognised (as it widely is in every European capital, led by Paris) in bonnets and gowns, how



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AN ELEGANT RACE-GOWN OF GREY VOILE AND LACE.

much more is it not due to our modern Renaissance that honour should be gained and given in the infinitely more lasting and dignified craft of the goldsmith!

And so, paraphrasing Mr. Pepys, *not to bed!* but to the more becoming banalities of forthcoming fashions.



Scarlet, always an *outré* colour in towns, but infinitely more so when worn in the glare of summer, is much affected at the moment in Paris, and certainly the women of no other country can carry off incongruity so well. Checks also are a favoured vogue of our *chic* cross-Channel neighbours, and a quite elegant frock made of a white and pinkish-red broken plaid enthused me exceedingly on the trim figure of a friend some days ago. It had come from the Rue de la Paix, and an exceptionally well-adjusted corselet skirt was met by a short bolero with a gold-buttoned waistcoat of white embroidered linen and a deep collar of ivory Irish crochet.

The same discriminating wearer has brought across an evening-gown of the new chalk-white *peau-de-soie* trimmed with incrustations of fine guipure over pale-green mousseline-de-soie, to show up the pattern and trails of painted green leaves applied to the skirt and bodice. These incrustations of lace, with the additional ornamentation of embroidered applications of floral cretonne or silk, according to material, form the chief mode of afternoon- and evening-dress decoration this Season. Nor can anything more effective be imagined, when the colouring and patterns are well arranged.

A deliciously airy-fairy gown is created from mauve mousseline-de-soie, for example, over pale-pink silk with applications of white Chantilly and a Louis Quinze silk of rosebud and blue ribbon design, the pattern cut out and laid on in wavy trails, with a waistband of silver tissue and four very full flounces foaming out in the present approved fashion over the feet. A wreathlet of pink Banksia roses tied with a turquoise ribbon knot for the hair completed the Lamballe *vrai-semblance*.

Another very exquisite evening-dress, made of ivory mousseline-de-soie, is treated with motifs of black Chantilly connected with tucked binds of black tulle on which steel sequins and turquoise beads are embroidered. The trebly flounced hem is bordered with white guipure and green rose-leaves, a wreath of which appears in the hair, and a waist-belt of black tulle. Nothing could be prettier than this skilful mixture of ivory, black, and green. All the garnitures of summer-gowns are designed to give an air *souplesse* to the toilette, and, though taffetas is still employed for blouses, silk, muslin, crêpes, and embroidered chiffons are the paramount mode of this much-draped moment.

Following frocks, I should like to put in a plea for a matter of minor philanthropy which concerns itself principally with the Children's Fresh Air Fund, the object of which is to provide a fortnight in the country for as many poor children as possible who would otherwise be condemned to spend all their young years in the mean streets where a sordid fate has placed them.

Last year, the Mission was able to send three thousand poor mites from the poorest districts about Holborn, Clerkenwell, and St. Luke's away for a halcyon fortnight's holiday, and it is only a question of getting a little money from the benevolent to double that number. So it is fervently hoped that charitable crowns and shillings will be forthcoming to help this most excellent work, in whose cause the Bishop of London pleaded so eloquently some days ago at the annual meeting of the Society.

A really artistic series of jewelled buckles is illustrated on our pages this week. These are the productions of that eminently artistic firm, the Parisian Diamond Company, whose three shops—in Bond Street, Burlington Arcade, and Regent Street—are distinguishable from others

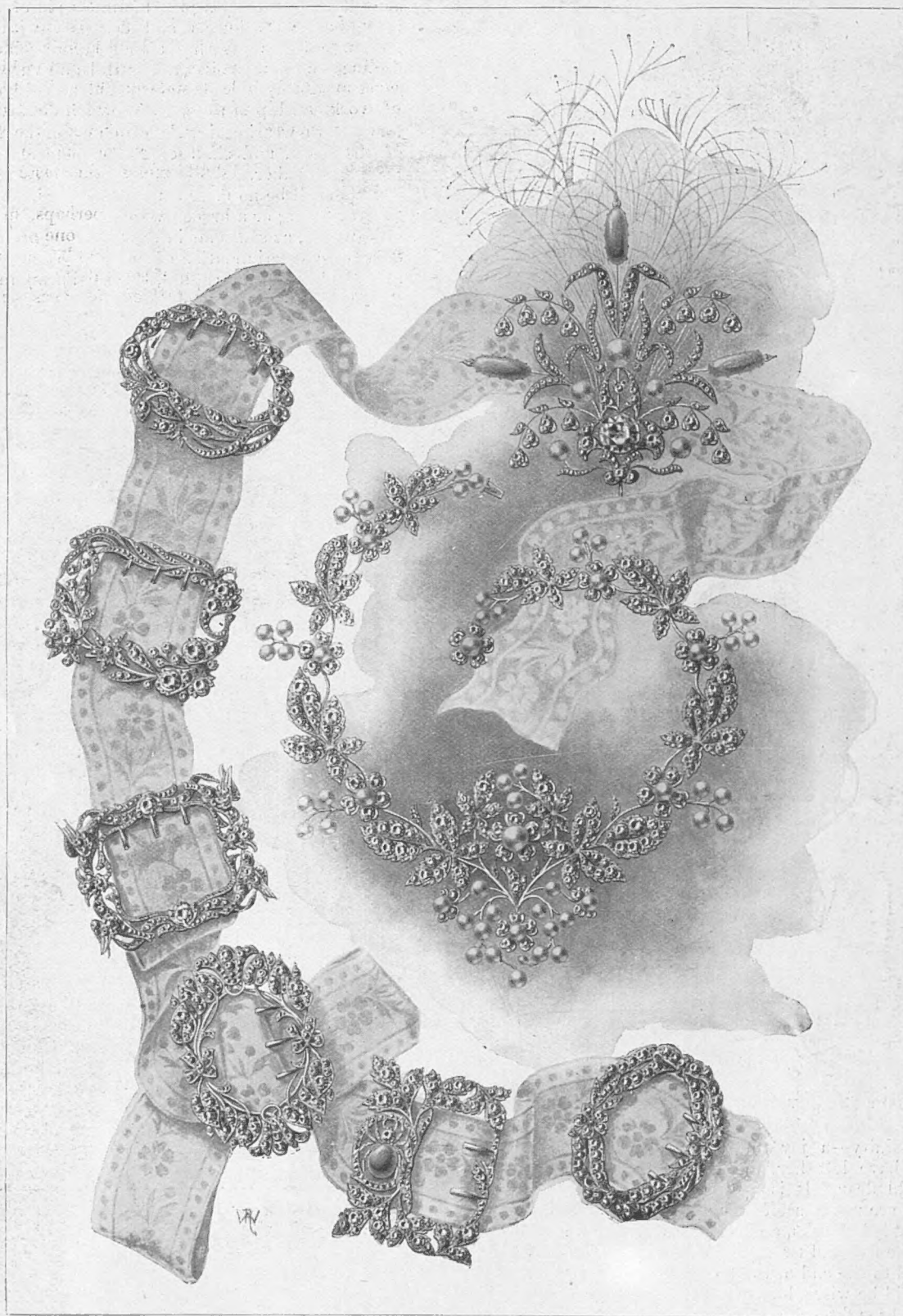
of their order by the refinement of design and beauty of workmanship which hall-mark all their productions. A graceful diamond and pearl aigrette, also illustrated in the sketch, will appeal to women of taste as equally applicable for the hair or corsage.

SYBIL.

#### PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

I would especially advise visitors to the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours not to miss the screens, for here are displayed Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Canterbury," "Durham," and "Frybourg," all of which are clever and characteristic works, Mr. Alfred Parsons's pretty "Garden Near the Thames," Mr. E. A. Waterlow's effective "Evening, Hampshire," some of Miss Rose Barton's quaint and fascinating representations of children, and Mr. Weguelin's engaging mermaid. Most of the works on the walls are landscapes, but there are also some figure subjects, among which commendation is particularly due to Mr. Wainwright's "Begone Dull Care!"—the sentiment of a jovial French peasant who plays a guitar, and to Mr. E. R. Hughes's "The Princess Out of School," on account of the rich colour-

scheme of the costume that harmonises well with the surrounding foliage. One of the most creditable contributions is Miss Butler's "Summer Scene," with cattle in a shady pool surrounded by strong contrasts of sunlight and shadow. Mr. Alexander's peacock is remarkable for its precise workmanship. A romantic colour-arrangement is "The Seven Ravens," by Mr. C. Fripp. There are attractive landscapes by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. W. Callow, and Mr. Tom Lloyd, while the sea is effectively treated by Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. R. W. Allan, and Sir Francis Powell, whose "Goatfell" is a very tender and poetical work. I must not forget to mention Mr. Hopwood's "Content," a fisherman taking his ease in his cottage. The artist has brought out the glow of the fire with much brilliance.



NEW JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 13.*

## ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

**A**LTHOUGH the tendency of the markets continues favourable, there have not during the last few days been wanting signs of a halt in the Yankee boom. It would be going too far to say that it is over, but the events of the week show the dangerous nature of the position. As usual, the small applicants for the last Government Loan have been treated far more liberally than the big ones, and



COLLECTING SALT IN EGYPT.

those for £200 and under received what they asked for in full, with the usual result, that there has been a stream of selling orders from little "stags." We have over and over again seen the same sort of thing, both in large loans and private companies, until we have quite come to believe that the small people are really the worst premium-hunters.

In the case of one company, of which we had full inside knowledge, allotments in full were made to all applicants for amounts reaching fifty pounds and under, with the result that there were over six thousand allottees; but on examining the register less than a year after we found that the shareholders were less than four thousand, and many other cases of the same sort of thing have come under our notice.

There can be no doubt that the basis of speculation has widened considerably within the last two months, for, whereas in the early part of the year nothing but Yankee Rails could be considered active, now many other sections are doing a roaring trade. Grand Trunks have been for some time quite a favourite medium for business, until Little Trunks (that is, the Ordinary shares) have been raised to a price which, if the chances of a dividend alone are considered, is clearly inflated. Argentine and Brazilian Railways and Government Bonds are all active and strong, while every now and then we get a glimpse of the sort of rise that may be expected in Kaffirs when peace comes.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations this week are of the salt industry of Egypt, which in this country is represented by that successful concern, The Egyptian Salt and Soda Company, Limited, over whose first annual meeting Sir James Carmichael presided during the week. The company was floated last year, and not only has a monopoly of salt-distribution in Egypt, but also possesses works for the production of soda and the making of soap. The first of our illustrations represents the Salt Lake at Mex (some four miles out of Alexandria), with the company's light railway-train being loaded with the salt upon the drying-up of the lake waters, and the second shows one of the big heaps collected each season. From salt alone the profit has been £13,000 during the year. The lake dries up every year, leaving a thick crust of very excellent salt behind. As soon as this takes place, a light tram is laid, and the deposit shovelled into trucks, from which it is deposited in high heaps, and, without further refining, is ready to be sold and distributed all over Egypt.

## THE YANKEE BOOM.

Divided as opinions are as to whether the break in the phenomenal Yankee boom will go much further or not, the view is constantly being expressed in the Stock Exchange that this wild speculation does no good to Capel Court. It may be making the fortunes of the Americans—although the question always remains as to who will be the ultimate holder of the baby—it may be a glorious time for Wall Street brokers, jewellers, and speculating nurse-maids, but, looked at from the point of view of home, there would be a general sense of relief if the mad excitement were to be quietly pulled up. Its continuance is a constant menace to other markets, because, if the inevitable fall should bring with it a not improbable crash, the effects would be felt all the world over, and not least in London. While it lasts there will be enough speculators on this side to keep the Yankee Market busy, although, of course, it is not doing one-hundredth part of the trade which passes daily in Wall Street. But at the turning of the tide there will be the usual rush to clear out, and of that the usual consequences are only too well known in the Stock Exchange. We are quite prepared to see another twist given to the

mad rise in Yankees, which has gone beyond all rhyme or reason; but, without any wish to be unduly pessimistic, we foresee serious effects when the boom shall burst, as one day it must. And therefore, to those of our readers who do us the honour of looking to us for suggestions in their speculations, we can only advance the negative advice of doing nothing in this wild and ungovernable Yankee Market.

## MEXICAN AND OTHER FOREIGN RAILS.

Since it was pointed out in these pages a few weeks ago that Mexican Rails looked a tempting purchase, the stocks have gone through some sharp fluctuations in price. An unexpectedly poor dividend result naturally brought in sellers and depressed the market. All the stock offered was, however, readily taken, and a definite upward movement has now started. At present, it is a bashful, *piano*, rise, the Second Preference being most favoured, but the Ordinary are also joining in the better tone, and we repeat our opinion that the trio are well worth attention. Grand Trunks have had their sensation, and it is now the turn of the Mexican Market, for long languishing in utter neglect.

The Stock Exchange, as a whole, is much busier than it has been for months past. Investment money is now coming in with some freedom, and we quite expect that it will not be long before the Foreign Railway Market is searched for cheap stock. Already the run on some of the Argentine stocks has commenced, Centrals, for instance, being up to 115 ex div. As second-class investments, there is nothing to be said against a purchase of these Argentine Railway securities, which are mostly standing at comparatively low prices. As an outside investment of the more speculative type, Minas and Rio at about 11½ should be considered. Their prospects for a quiet rise are decidedly above the average.

## OUR THROGMORTON STREET STROLLER.

The Stranger found himself trying to struggle through the densely packed Street at a quarter to five the other afternoon. He had an appointment at six in the West-End. Pretty soon he gave up the effort to push through the crowd, and allowed himself to be swept into the middle of a group of well-dressed talkers. One was saying—

"'Pon my word, I do really think we are going to have a boom in Kaffirs at last! There are lots of people who have cleared out of Yankees at a swinging profit, and they must jump on to something else. So why not Kaffirs?"

"But the War isn't half over," objected a bystander.

"What does that matter? The Stock Exchange will always discount everything months ahead, and I shan't be a bit surprised to see Kaffirs standing higher *before* the War is over than they will—"

"—When the mines are in proper working order," interrupted another. "Good heavens! Won't some of them want spring-cleaning, eh?"

"The shareholders will have to see to that," said the first aggressive bull. "For my part, I stick to my conviction that Kaffirs will improve, and that pretty shortly, too."

"Then I needn't sell my 'T.C.L.'?" inquired one of the others.

"Course not! Transvaal Consolidated Lands are bound to go better, I tell you. So are Anglo-French, and, oh! any mortal thing you like to look at so long as it's not a rank swindle. I say, look out, you fellows!" and he pushed backwards into a portly old gentleman as a mail-van drove down the crowded street.

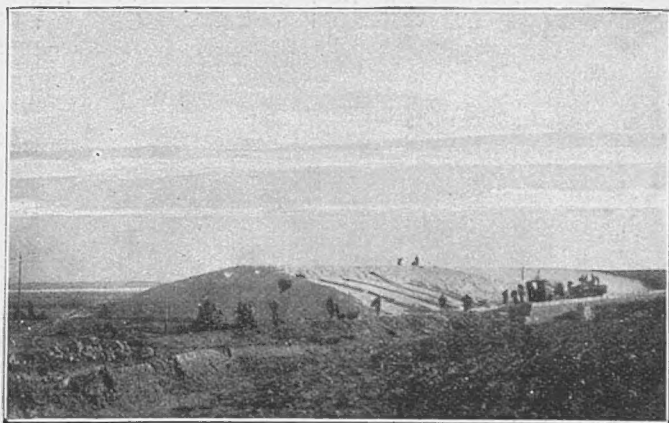
The Stranger did not wait to hear the end of the subsequent altercation, but stepped a yard or two further east. He found himself listening to a jobber bidding frantically for Premiers. He thought at first that the company must have had something to do with Salisbury Reefs. But he was undeceived by hearing a man close by him remark—

"Can any good thing come out of West Africa?"

"What a gloomy old pessimist you are!" chuckled a broker standing near. "Have you never heard of Wassau and its dividends?"

"Its dividends? No, but I *have* heard of its one solitary cab-fare of a dividend that it paid four years ago."

"Was that shilling a-share the only dividend ever paid by a West



SALT HEAPS IN EGYPT.

African?" asked a lanky individual, strolling up. "I believe it was, but can't say for certain. Will this boom last, think ye, Geordie?"

"What boom?" returned the person addressed.

"Why, this Jungle boom, of course!"



"Aweel, Ah'm a wee suspicious mysel'," was the reply, tinged with a strong Cockney accent. "But ye can niver tell, mon alive!"

"Don't you make an ass of yourself," counselled a friend. "Go and buy me a couple of hundred Gold Coast Investments at not more than an eighth premium."

The broker hurried off to execute the order. "They're good things for a steady rise in the coming by-and-by," The Stranger heard the purchaser observe just as he became separated from the motley throng and tossed by the crowd's sudden movement into Mabey's doorway. The tinkle of glasses sounded inviting, and in he went.

At a near table were seated four men, evidently members of the Stock Exchange, deep in conversation. To them up rushed a fifth.

"I want to deal in Middy. D's," he said breathlessly. "Can any of you fellows make me a price?"

Each of the quartette looked solemnly at his neighbour. Then one spoke. "Much stock?" he asked.

"Five thou.," responded the other. "Buck up! My client's waiting in the Street."

"You'd much better buy Great Western, old man," said No. 2. "The stock has more of a rise in it than Midland Deferred."

"Well, old chap," hazarded No. 3, "I think your man's right to sell his Scotch stocks now they're better, and put the money into English Rails."

"Tell him to buy 'Twopenny Tubes,'" suggested No. 4.

The patience of the broker was rapidly oozing. "Are you going to make me a price in Middy. D's or are you not?" he demanded.

"Can't do it out here, old fellow," said No. 1. "Come and see me in the morning. I couldn't make you a business price in five thousand at this time of night. Do leave it till to-morrow, can't you?"

The Stranger did not catch the parting words of the broker, but he guessed them, and smiled to himself. The Four looked at each other again with expressions of pain. "I never heard such——"

"Tommy Rot!" loudly ejaculated a horsey-looking man who was chatting with another on the opposite side of the room. "The rise hasn't begun yet, so to speak."

"Keep your moustache on," rejoined his friend. "I merely said that the Super market was quite likely to come to a sudden drying-up."

"H'm! I would rather have Super-Aëration shares than—than—than Consols, so there!"

"You bulls all talk like that," was the comforting answer. "But I tell you what. If you want a really good spec., you go and buy Consols till you're blue in the face. It's the best tip going."

"Me buy Consols?" The horsey one looked incredulous at the very idea of such a thing.

"Why not? You need not pay for them, of course. Or, if you prefer it, buy some of the new scrip for the Special Settlement."

"Yes, and make a piffling one per cent," grumbled the other.

"I hardly anticipate that Consols will rise like Union Pacifics," said the tipster, with an attempt at being icy. "Still, they are a first-class gamble on the up-grade, say what you like. I bought some for myself."

"Ha! ha! ha! So I supposed from your conversation. You bulls all talk like that. Not but what——"

"Hullo, sir! You here!" The Stranger found an unexpected friend tapping him on the shoulder and regarding him with amused interest. "Come into the Street. I am just going to lay in some Koffyfontein for myself. Will you have a few? Red-hot gamble, of course, but they tell me that——"

And, when The Stranger opened his letters on the following morning, he found one from his broker enclosing a contract for the purchase of a hundred Koffys.

#### OUTSIDE BROKERS.

The outside stockbroker appears to have had a bad time during the last few months, until even some of the most respectable among them are trying to avoid the payment of differences by aid of the Gambling Act. Within a week, one of these gentry, whose business is of very old date, has threatened this defence to three unfortunate clients, and even the return of cover deposited has, so far, not been obtained. Over and over again we have warned both correspondents and the public against these advertising and circularising scoundrels, but nothing appears to prevent a large number of people from getting bitten every time that there is a small "boom." We shall be glad to hear from any reader who has been victimised, as we should really like to compile a comprehensive list of the advertising fraternity who don't pay when they lose. The difficulty is that, unless the list can be made comprehensive, it may do more harm than good.

Saturday, May 4, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. H. K.—It serves you right for dealing with outside touts. If, as their letter threatens, they plead the Gambling Act in answer to your action for the money due to you, we will publish the firm's name and get several other journals to do the same.

D. W. W.—Your letter was fully answered on the 2nd inst.

BITTER.—It is curious how many correspondents ask about this company. We do not advise purchase, for the true position of the concern is known to no one outside the management, and there is too much gambling in the stock to make it comfortable holding.

ANGEL.—You might buy (1) South Melbourne 4½ Bonds at about 103 (we know there are some on the market); (2) Gas Light and Coke Company Ordinary; (3) Inter-Oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien bonds; (4) General Hydraulic Power stock. You will thus get nearly 5 per cent., and be able to sleep in peace.

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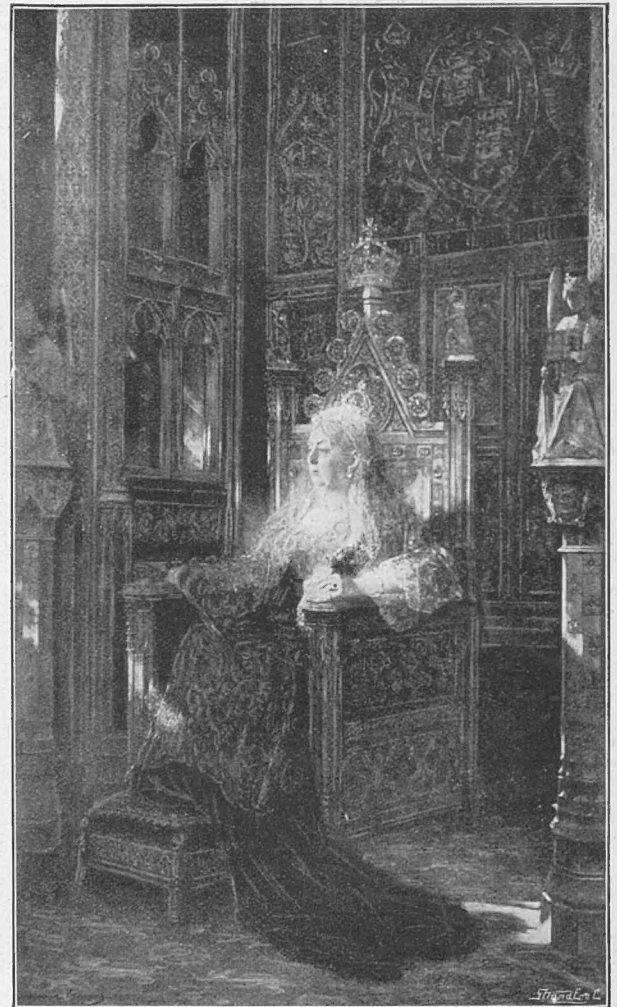
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